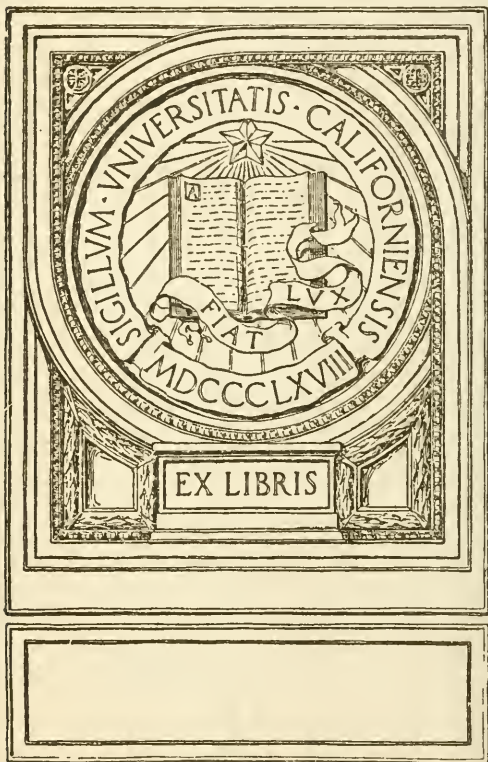




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WAR AND PEACE

A HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY

COUNT LÉON TOLSTOÏ

1785

TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH

BY A RUSSIAN LADY

AND

FROM THE FRENCH BY CLARA BELL

THE INVASION

1807 — 1812

TWO VOLUMES — VOL. II.

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WAR AND PEACE.

THE INVASION.

1807 — 1812.

CHAPTER I. 9

TOWARDS the end of the year 1811 the sovereigns of Western Europe reinforced their armies and concentrated their strength. In 1812 these united forces, consisting of some millions of men, including the officers and commissariat, marched on the Russian frontier, while the Russians, on their part, marched to meet them. On the 12th of June the Western hordes entered Russia and war broke out. — That is to say an event took place in diametrical opposition to all laws human and divine.

These millions of human beings rushed into the perpetration of every hideous crime: Murder, pillage, theft, fraud, forgery, treachery, incendiarism — every evil deed was simply part of the day's work; the judicial annals of the whole world could not furnish so long or so black a list in the course of many centuries. —

And yet those who committed them did not think of themselves as criminals !

What gave rise to this strange and monstrous state of things ? Historians tell us, in all good faith, that the cause is to be traced in the insult offered to the Duke of Oldenburg, in the defiance of the continental blockade, in Napoleon's insane ambition and the Emperor Alexander's resistance ; in blundering diplomacy, and what not. If we are to believe them, a skilfully concocted note, written by Metternich, Roumiantzow or Talleyrand, between a court drawing-room and a rout, or a line from Napoleon to Alexander : "*Monsieur mon Frère*, I am prepared to make restitution of the Duchy of Oldenburg, etc.," would have been enough to avert the war !

As may easily be supposed, this was not the view taken by contemporary lookers-on. Subsequently, at St. Helena, Napoleon himself ascribed the conflict to the intrigues of England, while the English set it down to his insatiable ambition ; the Duke of Oldenburg found the cause in the indignity to which he had been subjected ; the merchant class, in the blockade which was ruining European trade ; the old soldiers and commanders, in the need for finding them some employment ; the legitimists, in the sacred duty of upholding constitutional principles ; the diplomatic body, in the Austro-Russian alliance of 1809 — which was no secret at the Tuileries — or the special difficulties in drawing up some memorandum — say Number 178. All these reasons and a hundred others of a more trivial kind,

and suggested by every variety of personal prejudice, may perhaps have satisfied the witnesses at the time; but to us, who are Posterity, who contemplate the event in all its magnitude, and who seek the true cause in its terrible reality, they are wholly insufficient. We cannot believe that several millions of Christian men should have been ready to kill each other because Napoleon was ambitious, because Alexander was vacillating, because England was astute, or because the Duke of Oldenburg had been insulted. Where are we to find the connecting link between these facts and the very act and deed of battle and murder? Why were the natives of Smolensk and Moscow slaughtered and ruined in consequence of these events, by a swarm of invaders from the opposite side of Europe?

We are not writing history, and we cannot set to work to seek out the recondite first causes; we are satisfied to judge of events by a simple standard of common sense; and the more closely we examine them the more obvious do their true motives become. But whatever view we may take of those causes they still appear no less true or false if we compare their intrinsic triviality with the vastness of the events to which they ostensibly gave rise; we are driven to conclude that it was their cumulative force alone which can account for the issue. Taken alone, Napoleon's refusal to withdraw his troops within the Vistula, or to reinstate the Duke of Oldenburg, seems to us no more sufficient than if we were told on the other hand: "If a French corporal had refused to fight, and a great many men had followed

his example, the army would have been so much reduced as to render the war an impossibility."

No doubt if Napoleon had not taken offence at the concessions required of him, if England had not intrigued with the dispossessed duke, if the Czar had not been deeply aggrieved, if the government of Russia had not been a despotic monarchy, if the various causes which led up to the French Revolution, the consulate and the empire had never existed — there would have been no war. But, at the same time, if only one of this chain of circumstances had been missing, the sequel would not have followed.

Thus it was the sum total of them all and no one event by itself which entailed the fatal consequences. It happened because it was bound to happen; and so it came to pass that some millions of men, ignoring all common sense and human feeling, started to march eastwards to slaughter their fellow-creatures, just as, some centuries before, unnumbered swarms had rushed down on the west, killing all on their way.

So far as their own free-will was concerned, Napoleon and Alexander contributed no more by their actions to the accomplishment of such or such an event than the private soldier who was compelled to fight for them as a recruit or a conscript. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? For the fulfilment of their will, which apparently ruled the course of the world, the concurrence was needed of an infinite number of factors: all the thousands of individuals who were the active instruments of their purpose — all these soldiers, ready to fight

or to transport cannon and victuals — had severally to consent to obey the orders of two feeble human units, and their obedience was the result of endlessly varied and complicated motives.

Fatalism is the only clue to history when we endeavor to understand its illogical phenomena ; or, shall we say, those phenomena of which we see the causation but darkly, and which only seem the more illogical, the more earnestly we strive to account for them.

Each man lives for himself and has such play of free-will as enables him to attain the end he may have in view. He has, and feels that he has, the power of doing or of not doing this thing or that ; but as soon as it is done it is no longer in his hands : it has become a part of history, in which it finds its due place out of reach of chance and change.

The life of man is twofold — one side of it is his own personal experience, which is free and independent in proportion as his interests are lofty and transcendental ; the other is his social life, as an atom in the human swarm which binds him down with its laws and forces him to submit to them. For although a man has a conscious individual existence, do what he will he is but the inconscient tool of history and humanity. The higher he stands on the social ladder, the more numerous the fellow-beings whom he can influence, the more absolute his power, the more clearly do we perceive the predestined and irresistible necessity of his every action.

The heart of Kings is in the hand of God. Kings are the slaves of History.

History — that is to say the collective life of the aggregate of human beings — turns each moment of a monarch's life to account, and bends Kings to its own ends.

Although in the year of grace, 1812, Napoleon was entirely convinced that it depended on his fiat alone whether the blood of nations should or should not be shed, he was, in fact, more subservient than ever to the mysterious promptings of history, which were driving him fatally onward while he still cherished the illusion of Freewill. And so, while they unconsciously obeyed the law of the coöperation of forces, these men, marching eastwards in dense multitudes to slaughter their fellow-men, were moved by the combination of those numerous puerile reasons by which the common herd sought to account for this mighty migration. These, as we have seen, were the violation of the continental blockade, the squabble with the Duke of Oldenburg, the entrance of the troops into Russia with a view to enforcing — Napoleon believed — an armed neutrality, his own reckless passion for war, and the habit of fighting which had grown upon him — added to the natural temper of the French and the general excitement caused by the magnitude of his preparations, their enormous cost and the consequent need for some

indemnity ; again, the intoxicating honors that had been paid him at Dresden, the diplomatic negotiations — which, though they were said to be conducted with a sincere desire to achieve a peace, only resulted in irritation — and fifty other pretexts more or less valid which, when combined, had finally no result whatever but that which was fatefully inevitable.

Why does an apple fall when it is ripe ? Is it that its weight brings it down ? Is it that its stalk withers ? Is it that the sun has parched it and the wind torn it away ? Or is it that the boy who eyes it as it hangs has an irresistible longing to eat it ? Neither reason is enough by itself. The fall of the apple is the necessary consequence of all the causes brought about by the minute processes of organic nature. Hence the botanist who pronounces it to be the result of the decomposition of cellular tissue is just as much in the right as the boy who ascribes it to the potency and fulfilment of his desire.

In the same way, those were equally right and equally wrong who said that Napoleon went to Moscow because he had determined to do so, and that it became his ruin because Alexander had determined that it should — or those who should assert that a hill weighing several millions of hundredweights and undermined at the base, only fell in consequence of the last blow of the pick-axe given by the last laborer.

Those who are known as great men are merely name labels in history : they give their names to events, often without having so much connection with

the facts as a label has. None of the acts of their so-called free-will is a spontaneous act. It is bound up *a priori* with the march of history and human life, and its place has been appointed to it from all eternity.

CHAPTER II.

NAPOLEON started from Dresden on the 4th of June. He had been there three weeks, surrounded by a court consisting of princes, grand-dukes, kings and even an emperor. While he was gracious to those princes and kings who had earned his favor, he had given a lesson to those with whom he fancied he had cause for displeasure; he presented to the Empress of Austria gifts of pearls and diamonds of which he had robbed other sovereigns, and bestowed his tenderness on Maria Louisa, who considered herself his lawful wife though Josephine was at Paris, and inconsolable, it would seem, for his desertion of her. Notwithstanding the faith in the preservation of peace still entertained by the diplomates, and their efforts to attain it; notwithstanding Napoleon's holograph letter to the Czar, beginning: "*Monsieur mon Frère*," and containing his assurance that he had no wish for war, with many concluding protestations of eternal regard and esteem, he was now on his way to join the army, and at every stage reiterated his orders to hurry on the march of the troops coming from the West to invade the East. He travelled in a close carriage with six horses, accompanied by his pages and aides-de-camp and a strong escort. His road lay through Posen,

Thorn, Danzig and Königsberg; and in each of these towns thousands of inhabitants rushed to greet him with an enthusiasm that was not unmingled with terror.

Going on in the same direction as the army, he slept, on the 10th of June, at Wilkowiszky, in the house of a Polish count, to whom his advent had been announced; he then rejoined and outstripped the army, and arrived next day on the banks of the Niemen. There, putting on a Polish uniform, he went forward on foot to examine the spot where the troops were to cross the river.

When he saw the Cossacks posted on the opposite bank, and his eye looked out over the steppes which spread as far as the horizon between him and Moscow, — the Holy City, the capital of an empire which reminded him of that of Alexander the Great — he gave orders that the army was to advance the very next day — contrary to all the calculations of cabinets, and all the rules of strategy — and his troops crossed the Niemen on the day he had fixed.

Very early in the morning of the 24th he came out of his tent on the left shore of the river and stood, watching through his field-glass, from the top of an escarpment, the progress of his armament which came forward, a living stream, out of the woods, and marched across the three floating bridges thrown over the Niemen. The army knew that the Emperor was there, and tried to see him; and they no sooner caught sight of him on the top of the slope, in his greatcoat and cocked hat, a little apart from his staff and suite, than

they threw their hats in the air with cries of: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Thus, still pouring out of the forest where they had been encamped, they crossed the bridges in close ranks.

"We shall do something this time! — When he takes things in hand he means business, by . . . ! . . . There he is! *Vive l'Empereur!* — And are those the famous steppes of Asia? — A beastly country all the same, I say! — To our next meeting, Beauchet, I will keep the best palace in Moscow warm for you! Till we meet again; luck go with you! — Have you seen the Emperor? — Brr! — If they make me Governor of India, Gérard, I will appoint you minister at Cashmere, that's a settled thing! — *Vive l'Empereur*, hurrah! — By . . . ! Look at the rascally Cossacks, how they run! — *Vive l'Empereur!* — Do you see him? — I have seen him twice as I see him now, 'the little corporal' * — I saw him give a cross to one of our old 'uns!'"

These and a thousand such remarks were buzzing about the ranks of old and young alike; and every tanned and weather-beaten face was radiant with satisfaction at the opening of the campaign they had so anxiously looked for, and with enthusiastic devotion to the little man in a grey greatcoat who stood up there on the hill.

On the 25th of June, Napoleon, mounted on a thorough-bred arab, galloped down to one of the three

* *Le petit caporal*; a sort of pet name by which Napoleon was known among his soldiers.

bridges, hailed on all sides with deafening acclamations. In fact he only endured these noisy demonstrations of affection because it was impossible to prohibit them; but it was very evident that they fatigued him, and distracted his attention from the military question which at the moment was paramount in his thoughts. He crossed the pontoons, which trembled under his horse's hoofs, and turned towards Kovno, preceded by his mounted guard, who made way for him through the troops. When he reached the banks of the larger Niemen he stopped in front of a regiment of Polish Uhlans.

"*Vive l'Empereur !*" they shouted, as vehemently as the French soldiers, and breaking their ranks to get a better view of him.

He reconnoitred the river, dismounted and took his seat on a log that was lying on the ground; at a wave of his hand a page, beaming with pride, stepped forward and handed him a telescope, which he rested on the lad's shoulder while he inspected the further shore at his leisure. Then, after studying the map of the country which had been laid out before him, weighted with bits of wood, he murmured a few words without looking up, and two aides-de-camp rushed forward towards the Uhlans.

"What is it? What did he say?" they were all asking each other in the ranks of the regiment: The colonel had just received the command to find a ford and cross the river.

This colonel, an elderly and pleasant-looking man,

begged the aide-de-camp to authorize his swimming across with all his regiment instead of waiting to seek a ford, and he fairly blushed and stammered with excitement as he preferred his request. A refusal would evidently have disappointed him bitterly; and the aide-de-camp hastened to assure him that the Emperor could not fail to be pleased with such a display of zeal. The old officer, beaming with enthusiasm, waved his sword in the air with a shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, called on his men to follow him, and dashed forward, spurring his horse; the beast refused, but he flogged it on; it took the leap and horse and rider plunged in, carried downwards by the strength of the current. All the men followed: those who were thrown clung to each other; several horses were drowned and not a few men; the rest swam on, holding on to their saddles or the horses' manes. They kept as straight a line as they could — and only half a verst further down there was a ford — but they were proud to spend themselves, and to die if need be under the eye of the little man sitting on the log, who did not even condescend to look at them!

When the aide-de-camp returned and presently took the liberty of directing the Emperor's attention to the self-devotion of the Poles, the man in the grey coat rose, called Berthier, and walked along the shore with him, giving him his orders and casting an indignant glance now and then at the men who, by drowning under his eyes, distracted his attention. It was nothing new in his experience to find that, from the deserts of

Africa to the steppes of Muscovy, his presence was enough to turn men's heads and lead them to lay down even life for him. He remounted and rode back to his tents.

Forty Uhlans went to the bottom though boats put out to the rescue. The greater part of the regiment were thrown back on the bank they had left; only the colonel and a small following got safely across and scrambled up the opposite shore streaming wet. They had no sooner reached land than they cheered once more, and looked back at the spot where they had left Napoleon. Though he had disappeared, at that moment they were supremely happy.

That evening, after having sent an order to hurry on the delivery of the forged *assignats** intended for use in Russia, he first condemned a Saxon to be shot for having been found possessed of papers betraying the situation of the French army, and then bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor, of which he was the head, on the colonel of the Uhlans who had quite needlessly rushed into the most dangerous part of the river.— *Quos vult perdere, Jupiter dementat.*

* Bank-notes for small sums.

CHAPTER III.

THE Czar Alexander had already been some months at Vilna, where he gave all his time to reviews and manœuvres. Nothing was ready for war though it had long been foreseen, and it was to make preparations that the Czar had come from St. Petersburg. There was no general scheme, and any decision as to which to choose of those that were proposed was further off than ever, though his Majesty had already been a month at headquarters. Each of the three divisions of the army had its general in command; but there was no commander-in-chief, and the Czar did not choose to assume the functions. The longer he staid at Vilna, the more slowly the preparations dragged on, and it even seemed as though the sole aim of those who surrounded him was to help him to forget the impending crisis, and make his stay as pleasant as possible.

After a series of balls and fêtes given by the Polish notables, by the magnates in office, and by the Czar himself, one of the Polish aides-de-camp conceived the idea of a banquet and a ball in his Majesty's honor, to be given by the whole staff. This plan was hailed with joy and accepted by the Imperial guest; subscriptions flowed in, and a lady known to be in the Czar's good

graces agreed to do the honors. The 25th of June was fixed for the dinner, to be followed by a ball, a regatta, and fireworks; all to take place at Zakrety, a place in the neighborhood belonging to Count Benningesen, who placed it at the disposal of the committee.

Thus, on the day when Napoleon had sent his army across the Niemen, and his advance guard had driven back the Cossacks and invaded the frontier, the Emperor Alexander was dancing at a ball given by his staff-officers!

This magnificent entertainment had brought together, it was said, all the handsomest women that had ever been seen. Countess Bésoukhow, who had come from St. Petersburg, eclipsed the more refined and elegant Polish ladies by the lavish splendor of her Russian beauty. The Czar noticed her, and did her the honor of dancing with her once. Boris Droubetzkoï had left his wife at Moscow and was living at Vilna "*en garçon*" as he said; though he was not on the Emperor's staff he was present at the entertainment in right of a round sum on the subscription list; he had gained considerable wealth, and promotion to various dignities, and no longer sought a patron, but held himself the perfect equal of his contemporaries of higher rank.

At midnight they were still dancing. Helen, finding no other partner to her taste, had asked Boris to dance the mazurka with her; they were the third couple. Boris glanced with cool indifference at Helen's dazzling shoulders, rising above a gauze bodice of a dark shade spangled with gold, and was talking of their

former acquaintance, while he still kept an eye on his Majesty, who stood near the door, speaking to one and another with the gracious benevolence of which he alone had the art.

Boris presently observed that Balachow, with whom the Czar was on terms of intimacy, was waiting close to him, while he was speaking to a Polish lady; Alexander looked round enquiringly, and understanding that only some very serious motive could have prompted him to take so great a liberty, he dismissed the lady with a bow and turned to Balachow. As he listened, his face expressed the greatest surprise; he took his friend's arm and led him into the garden, not heeding the curiosity of the by-standers who respectfully made way for him. Boris had looked round at Araktchéïew and noted how much he was disturbed by Balachow's proceedings, stepping forward a little way, as if he expected that the Czar would invite him to join the conference. This little gesture made Boris understand that the minister of war was jealous of Balachow, and grudged him the good fortune of being able to communicate to his Majesty some news apparently of the greatest importance. Finding that he was overlooked he followed them at about twenty steps behind, into the illuminated garden, glancing furiously about him.

Boris, suddenly bitten with a desire to be one of the first to know this great news, told Helen that he would go to ask Countess Potocka to be their *vis-à-vis*; the countess was on the balcony, but just as he reached the spot he pulled up to make way for the Emperor, who

was coming in again with Balachow. Pretending not to have time to stand back, Boris squeezed himself against the door-post and bowed low; and as he did so he heard Alexander say in the indignant tone of a man who has been personally insulted:

“Across the frontier, and without having declared war! I will never sign a peace so long as a single foe remains on Russian ground.” Boris fancied that the Czar had felt some satisfaction in saying this and giving his feelings such explicit utterance, but at the same time he was evidently vexed at being overheard. “But do not say a word to any one!” he added, knitting his brows.

Boris, understanding this as a hint to himself, looked down and again bowed. The Czar went back into the ball-room where he remained about half an hour longer.

Droubetzkoï having thus, by the merest chance, heard of the passing of the Niemen by the French army, took advantage of his good-luck to make some important personages believe that he was often better informed than they were, which raised him considerably in their estimation.

The news fell like a thunderbolt, and coming in the middle of a ball, after a month of expectancy, it seemed absolutely incredible. The Czar in the first impulse of rage and indignation had exactly expressed his feelings in the exclamation overheard by Boris, which he frequently repeated and which, later, became famous.

At two in the morning he sent for Schischkow, his secretary, dictated an order of the day to the army, and a rescript to Marshal Prince Soltykow in which he declared his solemn determination — in the very words he had used in speaking to Balachow — never to make peace so long as a foe remained on Russian ground.

Then he wrote a holograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon :

“ *Monsieur mon Frère*, I learnt last evening that, in spite of the loyalty with which I have always adhered to my engagements with Your Majesty, your troops have crossed the Russian frontier. I have this moment received from St. Petersburg a note in which Count Lauriston announces that Your Majesty considered that war was declared between us from the moment when Prince Kourakine demanded his passport, and assigns that as a motive for this aggression. The grounds on which the Duke of Bassano refused the passport gave me no reason to suppose that his demand could serve as a pretext for this aggression. In point of fact my ambassador was never authorized to take such a step, as he himself explicitly stated ; and as soon as I heard of it I informed him how highly I disapproved, and ordered him to remain at his post. If Your Majesty is not bent on shedding the blood of our subjects for a misunderstanding,* and will consent to withdraw your troops from the Russian territory, I am ready to regard

* His Majesty wrote in French, and here made the mistake of writing *mésentendu* for *malentendu*.

the past as nullified and we may arrive at some compromise. In the opposite case, Your Majesty, I shall be compelled to repulse an attack so wholly unprovoked by me. It still rests with Your Majesty to avert the calamity of a fresh war.

“I remain etc., etc.,

“Alexander.”

The Czar then sent for Balachow, read him this letter, and desired him to deliver it in person into the hands of the French Emperor; he repeated the words he had used at the ball, and charged him to repeat them exactly to Napoleon. He had not written them in the note, feeling with his invariable tact, that they were out of place at the moment when he was making a last effort to maintain peace; but he insisted on Balachow's repeating them accurately to Napoleon himself.

Balachow set out at once with a trumpeter and two Cossacks, and by daybreak had reached Rykonty, a village on the Russian side of the Niemen, occupied by the outposts of French cavalry. A subaltern of hussars, in a purple uniform and fur cap, shouted to him to stop; Balachow only went a little slower; the subaltern muttering an angry oath met him, and drawing his sword he asked him rudely whether he was deaf. Balachow gave his name, and the Frenchman, after sending one of his men to summon the officer in charge of the outpost, rejoined his comrades and paid no further attention to the Russian envoy. It was a strange

experience for Balachow to be subjected in his own person and on his native soil to this insolent display of brutal force, so new to a man accustomed, as he was, to be respected, and in constant intercourse with despotic power, having just come from an interview of three hours' duration with the Czar.

The sun was beginning to pierce the clouds, the air was fresh and dewy. The village cattle were being driven afield. Larks soared and sang, one after another like the bubbles that rise spontaneously to the surface of the water. Balachow watched their flight as he waited for the French officer, and the men of his escort winked furtive hints at each other.

The French colonel, who was evidently only just out of bed, appeared at last, followed by two hussars and riding a fine grey charger, sleek and well-fed; his men, too, and their horses were smart and clean, and looked well-to-do.

As yet the war was in its first stage, the stage of accurate full-dress and order as good as in time of peace, enhanced by a certain warlike smartness, and the spirit and excitement which usually accompany the opening of a campaign.

The colonel could hardly swallow his yawns, but he was polite to Balachow, and fully understood his dignity. He led him past the outposts and assured him that, as the Emperor's headquarters were close at hand, there need be no delay in his being admitted to an audience. They rode through the village among groups of hussars, soldiers and officers, who saluted their

colonel and stared at the Russian uniforms ; beyond it, at a distance of about two versts, the general of division was encamped who was to conduct the Czar's envoy to his destination.

The sun was now well up and shone brightly on the fields and meadows. They had just passed a tavern, standing on a little hill, when they saw a party of officers riding towards them, led by a tall man on a black horse with harness that glittered in the light. He wore a red cloak over his shoulders and rode with his legs stiffened forward in the French fashion. From beneath an enormous hat flowed a bush of black curls, and a many-colored plume waved in the air while the gold braid of his uniform flashed and sparkled in the fierce glare of the midsummer sun.

Balachow was within a few yards of this theatrical-looking horseman, blazing with splendor and covered with jewels of all kinds, when Colonel Julner whispered in his ear: "The King of Naples!"

It was in fact Murat, who was still known by that name, though no one knew why, at this time, he was King of Naples. He himself, however, took the whole thing very seriously ; so much so that the day before he withdrew from Naples, when he was out walking with his wife, on hearing some Italians shout "*Viva il Ré!*" he said sadly: "Poor souls! they little think that I am leaving them to-morrow!"

But notwithstanding his firm conviction that he was still King of Naples, and that his subjects were bewailing his departure, at the first beck of his august

brother-in-law, he had gladly resumed his usual duties. "I made you king in order that you should govern in my way and not in your own!" Napoleon had said to him at Danzig, and like a fine young stallion that must frisk even in harness, he went galloping along the Polish high-roads, decked out in the most gorgeous colors and splendid jewels, without caring, in his rampant high spirits, whither he was going.

When he saw the Russian general he tossed his curly head with a majestic air of royalty and looked enquiringly at the French colonel, who explained to his Majesty what Balachow's errand was, but could not succeed in pronouncing his name.

"De Balmacheve?" said the king, making a plunge with his unfailing presence of mind, where the colonel had hesitated and blundered. "Charmed to make your acquaintance, General," he added with a gracious bow; but as his Majesty raised his voice it lost its dignity, and he at once fell into the tone of jovial good-nature which was natural to him. He laid his hand on Balachow's saddle-bow and went on: "Well, General, it is war I suppose. . . ." as if he regretted the fact, but had no pretension to pass judgment on it.

"Sire, my master the Czar has no wish for war, and, as Your Majesty sees. . . ." And Balachow dwelt with particular emphasis on the royal title which he took every opportunity of repeating, perceiving from the comical delight on Murat's face that it was an agreeable novelty to him. "*Royauté oblige*:" a king must condescend; and Murat thought himself called upon

to discuss affairs of state with Monsieur de Balachow, the Emperor of Russia's envoy extraordinary. He dismounted. Then, taking Balachow's arm, he walked up and down with him, talking with an air of extreme importance. He told him, among other things, that Napoleon was much offended by the requisition addressed to him to withdraw his forces from Prussia, and more especially by the publicity given to the demand, which was an insult to the dignity of France. Balachow replied that there was no offence in that, for that But Murat did not give him time to finish his sentence :

"Then by your account it is not the Emperor Alexander who has provoked the war?" he said abruptly, with an awkward smile.

Balachow explained the reasons which forced him to regard Napoleon as the aggressor.

"Well, my dear General, I only hope with all my heart that the Emperors may settle matters between them and that this war, which has begun by no connivance of mine, may come to a speedy conclusion," Murat ended after the fashion of a man who wishes to remain on good terms, even if his master must pick a quarrel.

He then enquired after the health of the grand-duke, spoke of the time they had passed so gaily together at Naples ; till, suddenly, remembering his majesty, he solemnly drew himself up, struck an attitude as he had done on the occasion of his coronation, and with a dignified wave of the hand said :

“But I will not detain you any longer; I wish you all success!” He fell back to join his suite who were standing respectfully a little way off—and in a few minutes the scarlet cloak with its gold embroidery, the waving plume and the sparkling jewels that reflected the sun’s rays, were lost in the distance.

Balachow expected to find Napoleon within a short distance and went on, but on his arrival at the next village he was again stopped by the sentinels of Davoust’s corps of infantry, and the general’s aide-de-camp conducted him to the marshal’s lodgings.

Davoust, who was to the Emperor Napoleon what Araktchéïew was to the Czar, was the very counterpart of the Russian, minus his cowardice; no less severe and punctual in his official capacity and, like him, knowing no way of displaying his devotion to his master but by acts of cruelty. Men of this stamp are as necessary in the machinery of administration as wolves are in the economy of nature; they always must exist, and manifest and justify their existence by the mere fact, trivial as it may seem, of their immediate intercourse with the sovereign. How, indeed, unless by some inherent necessity, can we account for the presence and influence of a man like Araktchéïew—cruel, coarse and ill-bred, who would, for instance, pull a private’s moustache—close to the throne of Alexander whose soul was tender and whose spirit nobly chivalrous?

Balachow found Marshal Davoust, with his aide-de-camp, housed in a barn and seated on a barrel, busied

in checking and settling accounts. He might, no doubt, have found more comfortable lodgings, but he was one of those people who like to find life difficult that they may have the better right to be morose and taciturn, and who on all occasions affect extreme haste and overwhelming cares :

“How is a man to see the cheerful side of life, I ask you, when he is harassed as I am with worries, and perched on a tub in a wretched barn?” — was what the marshal’s face expressed. The greatest pleasure to a man of this kidney is, when they happen to meet any one whose position in life is unlike their own, to make a great parade of perpetual and savage activity ; and this was now Davoust’s instinct as he saw Balachow, fresh and eager from his morning’s ride, the lovely day, and his talk with Murat. He glanced at him over his spectacles, smiled contemptuously without even a bow, and returned to his sums with a vicious contraction of his brows. The unpleasant impression his strange behavior produced did not, however, escape the marshal’s notice ; he presently looked up and coldly asked Balachow what he wanted.

The Russian, attributing this reception to Davoust’s ignorance of his rank as aide-de-camp on the Imperial staff, and his office as the Czar’s representative, hastened to explain his mission ; but, to his great amazement, Davoust was stiffer and ruder than before.

“Where is your despatch ? Give it to me and I will send it to the Emperor.”

Balachow replied that he had been enjoined to put it into his Majesty's own hands.

"Your Emperor's orders are carried out in your army, but here you must submit to our regulations." And to make the Russian general understand more clearly how completely he was at the mercy of brute force, the marshal sent for the officer on guard.

Balachow laid the packet containing the Czar's letter on the table, which was simply a door, with the hinges still hanging to it, balanced on a barrel. Davoust read the address.

"You are quite at liberty to treat me politely or not, as you please; but I may venture to remind you that as I am one of his Majesty's generals aides-de-camp" Davoust stared at him, but did not speak; the annoyance which was plainly legible on the envoy's face evidently gave him the keenest satisfaction.

"You will have all due respect paid to you," he said at length, and putting the despatch in his pocket he left the barn. A minute after M. de Castries, Davoust's aide-de-camp, came to fetch Balachow and showed him to a lodging where he was to put up; the Russian general subsequently dined with Davoust, in the barn. The marshal told him that he was going away the next day, but that he, Balachow, was to remain behind with the baggage train: If he subsequently received an order to advance he was to be brought after the marshal, but to have no communication with any one excepting M. de Castries.

At the end of four days of solitude and irritation, during which he learnt only too surely his own insignificance and helplessness, feeling them all the more acutely by contrast with his all but sovereign power only a day or two since; after travelling a few stages in the rear with Marshal Davoust's personal luggage, and in the midst of French troops — who pervaded the whole country — Balachow was conducted back to Vilna and reëntered the town by the same gate as he had left it four days before.

Next morning M. de Turenne, one of Napóleon's chamberlains, came to announce to him that his Majesty would grant him an audience.

A day or two previously sentinels of the Préobrajensky regiment had mounted guard at the door of the house to which Balachow was taken: now there were two French grenadiers in dark blue uniforms and fur hats; a detachment of hussars and lancers, and a splendid suite of staff-officers were in waiting, expecting Napoleon to come out. They were standing at the foot of the balcony steps, near his horse, which was held by his Mameluke Roustan.

So Napoleon was receiving him in the same house where Alexander had given him his message.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH Balachow was well used to court splendor, he was amazed at the magnificence displayed in every detail by the French Emperor. Comte de Turenne led him into a large room crowded with generals, chamberlains, Polish magnates, most of whom he had ere now seen paying their court to the Emperor of Russia. Then Duroc came forward and told him that his Majesty would see him before going out riding.

In a few minutes the gentleman in waiting begged him, with a courtly bow, to follow him into a little drawing-room, adjoining the very room in which he had received Alexander's parting injunctions; there he waited a short time—a quick, firm step was audible outside the door, which was thrown open, and Napoleon stood before him. He was dressed for riding in a dark blue uniform over a long white waistcoat which emphasized the rotundity of his shape, high boots, and doeskin breeches tightly fitting his stout, short legs; his hair was cut short all but one long lock which fell over his broad forehead. His thick white neck rose in strong contrast of color from the collar of his uniform, and he was strongly scented with eau-de-Cologne. His face, still fresh and youthful, wore an

expression of dignified and benevolent politeness. He walked rapidly, his head held high, and at each turn gave a little nervous jerk. His whole thick-set figure, with square shoulders, large stomach, deep chest and double chin, had the look of mature and settled dignity which is often to be seen in men of forty who have lived a life of ease; he seemed to be in an excellent humor.

Balachow bowed low and respectfully; the Emperor nodded his head quickly in return, and at once began to talk, as a man knowing the value of time, and who does not take the trouble to elaborate his speech from a foregone conviction that what he says must be to the point and well said.

“Good day, General. I received the letter entrusted to you by the Emperor Alexander, and I am happy to see you.” For a moment he took his fine eyes off Balachow’s face; for the Russian in himself did not interest him in the least. His whole attention was concentrated as usual on the thoughts working in his brain, and he considered the outside world as of very small consequence generally, believing it to be wholly at the mercy of his will.

“I never wished for war, I do not wish it now,” he went on, “but it has been forced on me. I am quite ready, even now,” — and he emphasized the words — “to accept any explanations you can offer.” And he proceeded to state in a few concise words his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Russian government.

His friendly and moderate tone deluded Balachow

into a belief in his desire to maintain peace and to open negotiations.

"Sire, my master the Czar . . ." he began with some hesitation, and much disconcerted by Napoleon's fixed enquiring gaze. "You are uncomfortable — be easy," was what those eyes seemed to say as they examined his uniform and sword, with the faintest possible smile. However, Balachow proceeded to explain that Alexander did not regard Kourakine's demand for his passport as a *casus belli*; that the ambassador had acted without orders; that the Czar hoped to avoid war, and had no understanding whatever with England

"Not yet," interrupted Napoleon; and then, as if fearing to betray himself, he nodded to the Russian envoy to proceed.

Balachow, when he had said all he had been desired to say, repeated that the Czar would only open negotiations on certain conditions. Suddenly he stopped short: he had just remembered the words of the despatch to Soltykow which he had been desired to repeat exactly to the French Emperor; they were quite clear to his memory, but a feeling he could not account for made him hesitate to utter them, and it was with some embarrassment that he added: "On condition that Your Majesty shall withdraw the invading army beyond the Niemen."

Napoleon observed his hesitancy; the muscles of his face twitched and the calf of his left leg trembled nervously. He did not move, but he spoke louder and faster. Balachow's eye was irresistibly caught by the

strange trembling in the calf of the leg, and he observed with surprise that it increased visibly as His Majesty raised his voice.

“ I desire peace as sincerely as the Emperor Alexander. Did I not do everything in my power to preserve it eighteen months ago ? And for these eighteen months have I awaited explanations. Well, and what is it I am required to do before negotiations can commence ? ” and he emphasized the question by an energetic gesture of his small, plump, white hand.

“ To withdraw your army beyond the Niemen, Sire, ” replied Balachow.

“ Beyond the Niemen ! — Is that all ? ” said Napoleon looking him straight in the face.

Balachow bowed respectfully.

“ You say, ” the Emperor repeated, walking up and down the room, “ that before negotiations can be opened I have merely to recross the Niemen ! Do you know that, only two months since, I was required, in the same way, to recross the Oder and the Vistula ? — And you can still talk of peace ! ”

After a short silence, still pacing the room, he stopped in front of Balachow ; his face seemed turned to stone, its expression was so stern and rigid, and his left leg still quivered spasmodically. — He himself, at a later date, said : “ The twitching of my left calf is an ominous sign. ”

“ Suggestions to abandon the Oder or the Vistula, may be made to the Prince of Baden, but not to me ! ” he suddenly broke out. “ Not if you were to give me

St. Petersburg and Moscow would I accept your conditions! You accuse me of having begun the war — but which of us was the first to join his army? The Emperor Alexander. And you come to talk to me about negotiations, when I have spent millions, when you have allied yourself with England, and when your position is every day more critical! What is the object of your alliance with England? What advantage has it been to you?" he went on, evidently bent on proving his own justification and power, and the Czar's blundering, instead of discussing the possibility or the conditions of peace. At first he pointed out the advantageous position in which he stood, hinting at the same time that, in spite of his superiority, he would still vouchsafe to re-establish amicable relations with Russia; but as he warmed to his subject he was less guarded in his speech, and at length it was evident that his sole aim and end was to magnify himself and cast obloquy on the Czar, while at the beginning of the interview he had seemed to wish the very reverse.

"You have made peace with Turkey, I hear?"

Balachow bowed assent: "Yes, the peace is . . ."

But Napoleon cut him short. No one was to talk but himself.

"Yes, I know it," he broke in, with that vehemence of speech and impatience of tone which are common among the spoilt children of Fortune. "Yes — I know: you have come to terms with the Turks without getting Moldavia and Wallachia. I would have given those provinces to your Emperor, just as I gave him

Finland! Yes, I would have made him a present of them, for I had promised them to him; and now he shall not have them. But he would have been glad to add them to his empire, and to extend Russia from the Gulf of Bothnia to the mouths of the Danube. Catherine the Great could have done no more!" he exclaimed with growing excitement, and he repeated to Balachow, with but slight variations, all that he had said at the meeting at Tilsit.— "And all that he would have derived from my friendship.— What a glorious dominion, what a glorious dominion!" He took a small gold snuff-box out of his pocket and eagerly sniffed the contents. "Ah! what a splendid empire the Czar Alexander might have had to govern!"

He looked quite compassionately at Balachow, but as soon as the general tried to speak a few words he began to talk again. "What could he want more or better than my friendship?" and he shrugged his shoulders.— "No: he has preferred to surround himself with my enemies, such as Stein, Armfeldt, Benningsen, Wintzingerode! — Stein, a traitor banished from his own country; Armfeldt, a venal traitor; Wintzingerode, a French deserter; Benningsen, a better soldier than the others, but quite incompetent — Benningsen, who was useless and helpless in 1807, and whose presence alone might have revived horrible memories in his mind! — Even supposing they were men of some capacity," he went on, carried away by the arguments which crowded on his mind in support of his might and his right — in his eyes one and the same thing.— "But

no; they are good for nothing, either in war or in peace. Barclay is the best of them, they say, but I can hardly think so judging from his first marches What do all these courtiers do? Pfuhl makes schemes, Armfeldt talks, Benningsen criticises, and Barclay, when called upon to act, does not know which side to take! Bagration is the only thorough soldier of them all: he is stupid but he has experience, a keen eye, and prompt decisiveness And then what part let me ask you does your young Emperor play in the midst of all this incompetency; he is compromised at every turn and held responsible for accomplished facts. A sovereign ought never to be with the army unless he is a general!" — And he jerked out the words like a challenge to the Czar, knowing full well that Alexander's chief ambition was to pass for a good military leader.— "Why the campaign was opened a week ago, and you could not even hold Vilna! You are cut in two, driven out of the Polish provinces, and your army is grumbling already!"

"Pardon me, Sire," Balachow at last exclaimed, having followed this volley of words with some difficulty, "on the contrary, the troops are fired with the desire"

"I know all about it," said Napoleon, again interrupting him. "All about it; do you understand.— I know the strength of your battalions as well as I know that of my own. You have not 200,000 men of all arms, and I have three times as many. I give you my word of honor" — he forgot perhaps that his word did

not command implicit confidence — “that I have 530,000 men on this side of the Vistula. The Turks will be of no use to you; they are good for nothing. Indeed, they have amply proved it by making peace with you! As to the Swedes — they are predestined to be ruled by madmen: as soon as their king went out of his mind they chose another just as crazy — Bernadotte! for certainly it is sheer madness for a Swede to enter into an alliance with Russia!” — And Napoleon, with a spiteful sneer, sniffed again at his snuff-box.

Balachow, who had answers ready for everything, was unconsciously gesticulating with impatience, without being able to check this deluge of words. With reference to the madness attributed to the Swedes, he might have pointed out that an alliance with Russia placed Sweden in the position of an island; but Napoleon was in that state of general irritation in which a man must talk and shout, simply to prove himself right to himself. The situation was becoming a painful one to the Russian; he feared that he was compromising his dignity as the Czar’s envoy by making no reply, while, as a man, he could not help shrinking into himself before this unreasonable fury. He knew quite well that all this rhodomontade was mere talk, and that Napoleon himself would be the first to be ashamed of it in a calmer mood; so he stood with downcast eyes, to avoid meeting those of the little man, of whose person he could only see the sturdy legs with their nervous restlessness.

"And when all is said, what do I care for your allies? I have allies, too: the Poles — 80,000 men who fight like lions, and they will be 200,000 before long."

Thus lashing himself up by his own lies, and infuriated by Balachow's imperturbable calmness and silence, he went quite close up to him, stood exactly in front of him, pale with rage, and with much gesticulation he shrieked out in a harsh voice:

"I tell you, if you incite Prussia to join you against me I will blot it out of the map of Europe — and as for you, I will drive you beyond the Dwina and the Dnieper; I will restore the barrier between you and Europe that it has allowed to be felled in its folly and blindness! Yes, that is what you have to look forward to, and what you will have gained by alienating me!"

Then he again paced up and down the room, took out the snuff-box after having just put it in his pocket, and raised it several times to his nose, till stopping once more in front of the Russian general he looked at him with a satirical twinkle and murmured: "And yet, what a splendid realm your master might have ruled over!"

Balachow replied that the Russians did not take so gloomy a view of affairs, but counted on a sure triumph. Napoleon vouchsafed a condescending nod, as much as to say: "To be sure, it is your duty to say so; but you do not believe a word of it; I have convinced you to the contrary."

Allowing him this time to finish his sente/

Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and stamped on the floor: it was a signal, for at that moment the doors were thrown open and a gentleman in waiting offered the Emperor his hat and gloves, bending respectfully as he did so, while another held out his pocket-handkerchief. He did not seem to see them.

"Give your Emperor my fullest assurance," he said, "that I esteem him as entirely as I have always done. I know him, and highly appreciate his great qualities. I will detain you no longer, General; my answer to the Czar will be placed in your hands." He snatched at his hat and went quickly to the front door; all the suite rushed down stairs to be ready to receive him at the foot of the steps.

After this explosion of wrath and his last formal words Balachow felt sure that Napoleon would not ask to see him again, but would rather avoid doing so, after allowing him, a humiliated envoy, to witness his ill-timed fury. But, to his great surprise, Duroc came to invite him to dine at the Emperor's table that very day. Bessières, Caulaincourt and Berthier were also of the party.

Napoleon received Balachow very courteously, and no sign of awkward consciousness was visible in his good-humored manner; on the contrary, he seemed to be anxious to put his guest at his ease. He was so convinced of his own infallibility that everything he did, whether conformable or no to the laws of right and wrong, could not fail to be good from the fact that he did it.

He was in the very best temper after his ride through Vilna, where the whole populace had come to meet him with acclamations, and where every window had been hung with flags and tapestry and filled with Polish ladies, bowing and waving their handkerchiefs. He talked to Balachow as cordially as though he were one of his own suite, of those who approved of his schemes and rejoiced in his successes. The conversation happening to turn on Moscow, he questioned him about the great capital, as a traveller might have done who was desirous of being informed as to a strange place he was about to visit, and with evident conviction that, as a Russian, his guest must be flattered at his interest in the place.

“How many inhabitants are there in Moscow — how many houses — churches? Is it really called Holy Moscow?” he asked; and when Balachow told him that there were more than two hundred churches:

“What is the good of so many?” he asked.

“The Russians are a very pious people,” said the general.

“At the same time it is a fact that a great number of churches is commonly a sign of a backward stage of civilization in a nation,” Napoleon remarked, turning to Caulaincourt.

Balachow respectfully begged leave to differ:

“Every nation has its own customs,” said he.

“Possibly; but there is nothing of the kind to be seen elsewhere in Europe, nowadays,” Napoleon observed.

“I ask Your Majesty’s pardon, but besides Russia there is Spain, where there are churches and convents innumerable.”

This reply, which bore a covert reference to the recent defeat of the French in the Peninsula, made quite a sensation when it was repeated at the court of St. Petersburg, as Balachow was subsequently informed; but it fell flat at Napoleon’s table, and excited no remark. The dull faces of the marshals showed that they had not seen the point of the allusion: “If that had been witty,” they seemed to say, “we should have discovered it; so of course it was not!” Napoleon himself so little understood it that he asked Balachow, with much simplicity, to tell him through what towns the most direct road lay from Vilna to Moscow.

The envoy, who said nothing without deliberate intention, told him that, as all roads lead to Rome, so all roads lead to Moscow: that there were several routes, among others that through Pultawa, which Charles XII. had selected. But he had not time to congratulate himself on this happy repartee before Caulaincourt changed the subject to an enumeration of the difficulties of the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

Coffee was served in the Emperor’s private room; he seated himself, and, as he raised his Sèvres cup to his lips, he pointed out a chair to Balachow. There is a certain frame of mind which usually, and involuntarily, comes over a man after dinner; a pleasant mood in which he is happily satisfied with himself, and prepared to think all men his friends. Napoleon was in

this comfortable humor; like any other mortal; he felt as though all around him were alike and equally his adorers, not excepting Balachow.

"This room it seems," he began, addressing the Russian with an amiable though ironical smile, "is that which the Emperor Alexander also used. You must own, General, that the coincidence is a strange one to say the least." And he appeared to have no doubt that this consideration, as proving his evident superiority over the Czar, must necessarily be pleasing to his guest.

Balachow made no reply but a bow.

"Yes, in this very room, four days since, Stein and Wintzingerode were holding council," Napoleon went on, still with that satirical smile. "I really cannot understand why the Czar should have taken up my personal enemies—I cannot understand it! . . . Did it never occur to him that I might do as much by him?" And his own speech revived the hardly smothered furies of the morning. "Aye, and I will, too; let him know that!" he exclaimed pushing aside his cup and rising. "I will drive all his kith and kin out of Germany—out of Wurtemberg, Baden, Weimar . . . Yes, I will turn them out! He had better make a refuge ready for them in Russia."

Balachow made a movement intended to express both his anxiety to withdraw and the painful position in which he was placed by being obliged to listen and make no reply; but Napoleon did not notice it, and continued to treat him not as his enemy's ambassador,

but as a man who could not but be devoted to him, and who must therefore rejoice in the humiliation of the sovereign whom he had formerly served.

“Why did the Emperor Alexander take the command of his armies? Why indeed?—War is my business—his business is to govern. Why did he take such responsibility on himself?”

Napoleon opened his snuff-box, took a turn in the room and then abruptly went up to Balachow. “Well, and you say nothing, you, the Czar’s admirer and courtier?” he asked him in a sarcastic tone, intended to mark his conviction that, in his presence, it was out of the question that admiration could exist for any one but himself.—“Are the horses ready for the general?” he added, nodding in answer to Balachow’s bow . . . “Let him have mine, he has far to go.”

Balachow, carrying a letter from Napoleon to the Czar—the last he ever wrote to him—gave a full report of the reception he had met with;—and war broke out.

CHAPTER V.

NOT long after his interview with Pierre, Prince André left Moscow for St. Petersburg; he said he was there on business, but in fact it was with a view to finding Kouraguine, whom he was bent on fighting. Kouraguine, being warned by his brother-in-law, made haste to depart, and got the minister of war to give him employment with the army in Moldavia. Koutouzow was delighted to see Prince André, to whom he had always been much attached, and offered him an appointment on his own staff; he had just been nominated commander-in-chief of the forces in Moldavia and was about to proceed thither; Prince André accepted, and they set out together.

His purpose was to challenge Kouraguine to a duel; but for this some pretext must be found, otherwise Countess Natalie would be compromised; he tried to meet him somewhere, but in vain, for Kouraguine returned to Russia as soon as he got wind of Prince André's arrival in Turkey.

However, life seemed more endurable in a new country, and under different conditions. Natacha's faithlessness had been a blow, all the more painful because he did his utmost to conceal how heavily it had fallen on him, and the scenes where he had been happy

were now unendurable. Even more trying were the liberty and independence which in the past he had thought so precious: he no longer meditated over the ideas which the calm sky of Austerlitz had first brought to his soul, over the thoughts which he had once loved to talk out with Pierre, and which had been the companions of his solitude at Bogoutcharovo, in Switzerland, and at Rome: he did not dare now to glance at the distant horizons of which he had had a glimpse, and which had looked so bright in their infinitude. The commonplace interests of daily life now absorbed him entirely, all the more since they were apart from those of the past. It seemed as though the limitless heaven that had then bent over his head had been transmuted to a dark and ponderous vault, narrowly circumscribed, and henceforth bereft, to him, of mystery and eternity.

Of the various occupations that lay under his hand, military duty was the simplest and most familiar. As general on staff service under Koutouzow he surprised his chief by the punctuality and zeal he put into his work. Having failed to come across Anatole in Turkey, he did not think it necessary to follow him back to Russia; neither the course of time, nor the contempt he felt for Kouraguine, nor the reasons which told him that it was impossible for him to stoop to fight him, would keep him from provoking the quarrel the first time they should meet; nothing can keep a starving man from rushing at food. The sense of the wrong he had not avenged, and the wrath he had not vented but which lay con-

gealed at the bottom of his soul, poisoned the factitious calmness with which he fulfilled his many and various duties.

When, in 1812, the news reached Bucharest of the war with Napoleon, Prince André asked permission to exchange into the army on the eastern frontier. Koutouzow, to whom his zeal was a constant irritation and who felt it a standing reproach to his own indolence, willingly acceded, and entrusted Bolkonsky with a mission to Barclay de Tolly.

On his way to join the army, which in the month of May was in the field at Drissa, he stopped at Lissy-Gory which lay on his road. During the last three years he had thought and felt so much, had gone through so many trials and seen so many things in his travels, that it struck him strangely to find at Lissy-Gory the same kind of life as he had left there, unchanged in the smallest detail. He had hardly crossed the threshold of the great stone gateway of the avenue leading to the house, when he felt as though he were entering on enchanted ground where slumber reigned supreme; in the house he found the same quietude, the same exquisite neatness, the same furniture and walls, the same perfumes, and the same faces, only a little older: Princess Marie, crushed, timid and plain as ever, seeing her best years vanishing into the past without one ray of love or joy to mingle with her terrors and anxieties; Mlle. Bourrienne, on the contrary, enjoying every minute of her existence, and, as of old, spinning visions of hope for the future; she was still the same

pert little person, with an additional modicum of insolence. The tutor Prince André had brought from Switzerland, M. Dessalles, wore a long coat of native cloth, and talked Russian after a fashion to the servants ; but otherwise he had not altered since his arrival : a thorough good soul, pedantic and somewhat narrow-minded. The old prince had lost a tooth ; only one, but it left a conspicuous gap ; in temper he had not changed : his irritability and scepticism as to the genuineness of things in general had increased with advancing years. Only Nicolouchka, with his rosy cheeks and curly chestnut hair, had grown, and was as gleeful as the day was long ; when he laughed the upper lip of his pretty mouth curled up just as his mother's had done. He alone rebelled against the yoke of the inevitable in this spellbound castle.

Nevertheless, though all on the surface was unchanged, the relations to each other of the inhabitants of Lissy-Gory had perceptibly altered. There were two parties, two hostile camps, which never could agree, but which consented to a tacit truce in honor of Prince André's presence. One consisted of the old man, Mlle. Bourrienne and the architect ; the other of Princess Marie, little Nicolas, his tutor, the old nurse, and all the women of the household.

During André's stay at home they all dined together ; but he soon perceived, from the general awkwardness of all the party, that he was being treated as a visitor in whose presence an exception is made. He was so fully aware of this that it made him, too, quite

awkward, and he took refuge in utter silence. This tension of the atmosphere, too marked to be ignored, made his father sullen and taciturn; as soon as dinner was over he withdrew to his own room. When Prince André joined him there in the course of the evening, and tried to win his interest in the campaign carried through by young Count Kamensky, his father, instead of listening, broke out in abuse of Princess Marie's conduct, of her religious superstitions, and her hostility towards Mlle. Bourrienne — the only creature, he declared, who really cared for him: "His daughter made life a burthen to him, and that was why he was never well,—and she was ruining the child with her over-indulgence and absurd ideas!"

In his heart he knew full well that she did not deserve such a wretched life, and that he was her tormentor, but he knew, too, that he could never be otherwise, or cease to torture her.

"I wonder why André, who sees everything, has not spoken to me of his sister," said he to himself. "Does he think I am a monster, an idiot, and have quarrelled about nothing with my daughter, simply to win the good graces of the Frenchwoman? He does not understand; I must explain to him—he must know me better."

"I should never have alluded to the subject if you had not mentioned it," said Prince André, in reply to this unexpected confidential communication, and he could not look his father in the face, feeling that he was condemning him for the first time in his life. "But

since you ask me I will be frank with you: if any misunderstanding has arisen between you and Marie, I cannot accuse her of any fault in the matter, for I know how much she reveres and loves you — if there is such a misunderstanding,” he repeated, his temper, gradually rising, as of late it had been apt to do — “I can only ascribe it to the presence of a woman who is utterly unworthy to be my sister’s companion!”

The old prince, sitting with his eyes fixed on his son, had so far not said a word, but a forced smile showed the gap left by the missing tooth, to which Prince André could not get accustomed.

“What companion, my dear fellow? Ah! have you already heard? Ah!”

“Father, I have no wish to pass judgment on your actions,” replied Prince André coldly. “You yourself have driven me to it: I have always said, and shall always say, that Marie is not to blame. It is the fault of those in short, it is that Frenchwoman’s.”

“What, you criticise me, you condemn me!” said the old man in a quiet tone which even betrayed some embarrassment to his son’s ear; then suddenly springing to his feet, he cried out furiously:

“Get out of my sight — go! Never let me see you again! Go.”

Prince André at once meant to leave the house without delay; but his sister implored him to give her

one more day. The old prince remained invisible; no one was admitted to his room but Mlle. Bourrienne and Tikhone, and he asked repeatedly whether his son were gone.

Before setting out Prince André went to see his boy. Nicolas jumped on to his knee and begged to be told the story of Blue-beard. He listened with absorbed attention; but suddenly his father stopped without finishing the story, and fell into a brown study entirely forgetting Nicolouchka. He was thinking of himself, feeling with horror that he was conscious of no remorse for his quarrel with his father, though they were about to part on bad terms for the first time. What shocked and distressed him still more was that, even for his child, he felt none of his usual tender affection.

"And what next? Tell me the rest of it, said the little boy; but his father, without answering, set him down from his knee and left the room. In fact Prince André, finding himself once more in the midst of the scenes where he had once been happy, felt so disgusted with life that he thought only of getting away from these associations, and of making some fresh occupation for himself; this was the secret of his superficial indifference.

"Then you are really going, André?" said his sister.

"Yes, I am free to go, thank God! I am only grieved that you cannot do as much."

"Why do you say that, when you are going to the war — this dreadful war?" said Marie. "And he is so

old.— Mlle. Bourrienne told me that he had asked about you . . .” And her lips quivered while large tears rolled down her cheeks.

André turned away and did not answer.

“Good God!” he suddenly exclaimed, walking about the room, “to think that things and creatures so utterly contemptible can bring such misery on others!” His violence alarmed his sister, who understood that his remark applied not alone to Mlle. Bourrienne, but also to the man who had wrecked his happiness.

“André, I entreat you,” she said, lightly laying her hand on his arm and looking up with beaming eyes through her tears — “Do not fancy that sorrow is the work of man — he is but an instrument in the hand of God!” Her gaze, over and beyond her brother’s head, was fixed on space, as if she were accustomed to see some familiar and beloved image there: “Sorrow is sent by Him; men are not responsible for it. If you think that any man has sinned against you, forget it and forgive. We have no right to punish; and you, too, will some day understand the joy of forgiving!”

“Yes, Marie, if I had been a woman I should no doubt have thought so, too: Forgiveness is a woman’s grace; for a man it is different; he cannot, and he ought not to forget, nor to forgive.”

“When my sister can speak to me so,” he said to himself, “it is sufficient proof that I ought long since to have had my revenge.” He listened no more to her little sermon; he was picturing to himself, with even-

omed satisfaction, the moment when he should meet Kouraguine, who, as he knew, was with the army.

Princess Marie tried to persuade her brother to remain only twenty-four hours longer; she was sure that her father would be grieved at his departing without their being reconciled. But he was of the contrary opinion; he assured her that their quarrel would only be embittered by delay, that his absence would be short, and that he would write to his father.

“Good-bye, then; remember that suffering is sent by God, and that men are not accountable for it.” These were Princess Marie’s last words.

“I suppose it must be right!” said Prince André to himself, as he turned out of the avenue. “An innocent martyr, it is her fate to be victimized by a half-crazy old man, who is conscious of his cruelty, but who cannot now alter his nature! — My boy is growing up, smiling at life; and he, like others, will dupe and be duped! — And I am joining the army — what for? I have no idea, unless it is to fight with a man I despise, and so give him an opportunity of killing me first and laughing at me afterwards!”

Though the various elements of life were the same to him now as they had ever been, they had lost their unity and left only isolated and incoherent impressions.

CHAPTER VI.

By the time Prince André reached headquarters it was the end of June. The first division, commanded by the Czar in person, held an entrenched camp on the Drissa. The second, which had been cut off, it was said, by a strong hostile force, had retired to take a fresh line of march and join it. Much dissatisfaction prevailed in both, in consequence of the general conduct of military matters; but it never occurred to any one to apprehend a foreign invasion into the Russian provinces, or to conceive of war as extending beyond the western Polish territory.

Prince André found Barclay de Tolly holding a position on the banks of the Drissa, at a distance of about four versts from where the Emperor was established. As there was no village or town within reach of the camp, the numerous generals and court-functionaries had taken possession of the best houses on both sides of the river, scattered along a line of about ten versts.

Barclay de Tolly received him with rigid coldness; he told Bolkonsky that he must refer him to his Majesty for employment, but proposed to him meanwhile to remain on his staff. Kouraguine had left, and was at St. Petersburg; and Prince André was really

glad; he was thankful to have a short respite from the thoughts that his name always roused in his mind, and to be able to give himself up wholly to the absorbing interest of the war just beginning. Having no immediate duties he spent the first four days in riding about the camp, and acquired a very complete apprehension of the position by the aid of his own intelligence and by questioning those who could give him any useful information. What its advantages were remained to him an unsolved problem. His experience had taught him that the most learned and skilful tactics are often of very little value in practical warfare. He had seen this at Austerlitz, and since that day he had understood better than before that victory depends mainly on the power of anticipating and preventing unexpected movements on the part of the enemy, and on the clear-sightedness and intelligence of the men who had to direct the operations of the army. To get the clearest possible light on this last factor he took every opportunity of studying the details of administration, and of watching the play of the generals who had a hand in the game.

During the Emperor's stay at Vilna the army had been broken up into three divisions: the first under the command of Barclay de Tolly, the second under Bagration, the third under Tormassow. The Emperor had joined the first without assuming the functions of commander-in-chief, and his presence was merely announced in the order of the day without any further statement or remark. Nor had he with him any special staff, but only the ordinary staff at Imperial head-

quarters. The chief officer was Quartermaster General Prince Volkhonsky, and it consisted of a crowd of generals, and aides-de-camp, of civil functionaries for diplomatic work, and a considerable number of foreigners; so, in point of fact, there was no general army-staff. The Emperor's personal circle included Araktchéïew, the ex-minister of war, Count Benningsen, the senior general, the Czarevitch Grand-duke Constantine, Count Roumiantzow, the chancellor, Stein, who had been the Prussian minister, Armfeldt, a Swedish general, Pfuhl, who was chiefly responsible for the scheme of the campaign, Paulucci, a Sardinian refugee and general aide-de-camp, Woltzogen, and others. Though they were all attached to his Majesty with no particular function, they had so much influence that the general of division himself did not always know from whom a piece of advice, or an order under the guise of a hint, had emanated when given by Benningsen, the grand-duke, or any one else: whether they were speaking on their own authority or merely expressing the Czar's wishes: and whether, on the whole, they were to be obeyed or no. They were part of the stage accessories; their presence, and the Czar's, was perfectly intelligible from their point of view, as courtiers — and every man becomes a courtier in the presence of his sovereign — and implied that, notwithstanding Alexander's refusal to accept the title of commander-in-chief, the control of the three divisions was in his hands; consequently, his immediate circle were, practically, his privy council.

Araktchéïew, the guardian of his person, was at the same time the mouthpiece of his orders; Benningesen, who owned large estates in the government of Vilna and whose one idea seemed to be to do the honors to his sovereign, had a high reputation as a soldier, and was held in reserve to replace Barclay de Tolly in case of need; the grand-duke was there for his own pleasure; Stein as a councillor in virtue of the high esteem in which he was held; Armfeldt, Napoleon's most detested foe, was much listened to by Alexander — thanks to his calm assurance and intense conviction of his own merits; Paulucci was one of the phalanx because he was bold and decided; the generals aides-de-camp because they attended the Czar everywhere; and Pfuhl, because, after having conceived and elaborated the plan of the campaign, he had succeeded in getting it accepted as a perfect whole. He it was, in fact, who was conducting the war. Woltzogen, who was his devoted follower, a man full of conceit and self-confidence with an utter contempt for things in general, was only a closet theorist, whose business it was to give shape and grace to Pfuhl's ideas.

Besides all these high dignitaries, there were numerous subordinates, Russians and foreigners, adherents of their respective chiefs; the foreigners making themselves especially conspicuous by the audacity and variety of their military schemes: a natural consequence of serving in a country not their own.

In the eddy of opposite opinions which agitated this brilliant and haughty circle, Prince André was soon

able to discern the existence of several parties which evidently drifted asunder.

The first consisted of Pfuhl and his followers, the theoretical students of the science of war, who believed in immutable laws, in oblique attacks, and flank movements: their desire was that, in compliance with this hypothesis, the army should be withdrawn to the interior of the country; and they regarded every infringement of these imaginary rules as a proof of barbarism and ignorance — not to say of malicious intentions. This faction included the German princes, and indeed all the Germans: Woltzogen, Wintzingerode, and several more.

The second party, diametrically opposed to these, fell, as so often happens, into the other extreme; they clamored to advance into Poland, and to start on no preconceived plan; it was bold and enterprising and represented the national party, and consequently was all the more exclusive in discussion. Among the Russians who were beginning to make their mark was Bagration and Ermolow, who, it was said, had one day requested the Emperor to promote him to the rank of "German." This party were never tired of repeating Souvorow's saying that it was useless to argue and stick pins into maps, that the point was to fight, to put the enemy to rout and prevent their getting into the country, and not give the army time to become demoralized.

The third party, in whom the Czar felt most confidence, were courtiers, mediators between the other two;

not very military for the most part, and who thought and said what most men think and say who have no fixed ideas and are anxious not to betray the fact. Thus they were ready to admit that in a war against such a genius as Bonaparte—he was Bonaparte again to them—learned tactics and a thorough knowledge of the art of war was certainly indispensable; that Pfuhl no doubt was admittedly a master of it, but that the limitations of his judgment—the common fault of theorists—must prevent their having implicit confidence in him; that, in consequence, the opinions of his adversaries must also be taken into consideration—men of the craft, men of action, whose experience was practical—that they must compare the counsels of the wise heads and choose the happy middle course. They insisted that it was necessary to hold the camp at Drissa as Pfuhl had planned it, but to change the relative positions of the other two divisions. By this procedure, to be sure, neither of the ends aimed at was secured; nevertheless, the adherents of this party, including Araktchéïew, believed it to be the best combination.

The fourth current of opinion was led by the Grand-duke Czarevitch, who could never forget his disappointment at Austerlitz when, having made ready in parade uniform to rush on the French at the head of his regiment of guards, and to crush them, he unexpectedly found himself close under the enemy's fire, and only got out of the *mêlée* with the very greatest difficulty. The frank dismay of this prince and his

adherents was at once a good and a bad thing; they dreaded Napoleon and his strength; they saw only impotence and weakness on their side and declared it loudly: "Nothing but defeat will come of it all!" they exclaimed: "Nothing but disgrace and reverses! We abandoned Vilna and then Vitebsk, and now we shall abandon the Drissa. There is only one rational course open to us: to make peace as soon as possible before we are driven out of St. Petersburg!"

This opinion found acceptance among the higher ranks of the army, in the capital, and by Count Roumiantzow the chancellor, who, for other reasons of state, voted unhesitatingly for peace.

A fifth faction, again, were supporters of Barclay de Tolly, simply because he was minister of war and general-in-chief: "In spite of all that can be said," was their verdict, "he is an honest and capable man; we have not a better . . . As war, under divided authority, is out of the question, give him real power and he will show what he can do, as he did in Finland. We owe it to him that we still possess a well-drilled army, an army that could fall back on the Drissa without loss; all would have been lost if Benningsen had been in his place; he displayed his incapacity in 1807."

The sixth set, on the other hand, cried up Benning-sen; no one, said they, was more prompt and well-informed than Benning-sen and he would have to be employed after all: "The best proof is that the retreat on the Drissa was a series of blunders and failures,—and the more the better; it will be evident then that we

cannot go on so. What we want is not a Barclay but a Benningsen!—Benningsen, who made his mark in 1807, to whom Napoleon himself did justice, and to whose orders all will be ready to submit.”

A seventh group included a considerable number of men such as are always to be seen round a young sovereign: generals and aides-de-camp devotedly attached to the man rather than to the ruler, honestly and disinterestedly worshipping him, as Rostow had worshipped him in 1805, and seeing nothing in him but graces and virtues. These lauded him to the skies for his modesty in refusing to undertake the chief command, while they blamed him for his exaggerated diffidence: “He ought,” they said, “to put himself publicly at the head of the army, to select a formally-constituted commander-in-chief’s staff, to take counsel with theorists and practical veterans alike, and himself lead the soldiers who were always excited to delirious enthusiasm by his mere presence.”

The eighth party, finally, and the most numerous, counting as ninety-nine to one of all the others, did not particularly care whether the upshot were war or peace; whether the Russians acted on the offensive or remained entrenched by the Drissa or elsewhere; whether they were commanded by the Czar in person, by Barclay de Tolly, Pfuhl or Benningsen; their one sole aim was to catch pleasure on the wing, and get as much amusement as possible. It was easier, too, here, than elsewhere and in time of peace, to put themselves forward and give themselves importance in the vortex of

dark and tangled intrigues which were carried on at the Imperial headquarters. One, to keep his place, upheld Pfuhl one day — and opposed him the next; and on the third, to escape responsibility and gratify the Emperor, declared he had no opinions at all in favor of one plan more than another. A second, eager to find a footing, would take up some passing remark of the Czar's and elaborate it at the next council, shouting, gesticulating, quarrelling, calling out on occasion those who contradicted him, merely to attract the sovereign's attention and display his devotion to the public cause. A third would quietly seize a favorable opportunity between two meetings of the council, to request and to obtain a gift in money as the reward for his loyal services, knowing full well that, under existing circumstances, it would be quicker to grant it than to refuse it. A fourth would constantly, and by the merest chance, come in the way of the Czar who found him always over-burdened with business; while a fifth was ready to attack or defend every new opinion with equal vehemence and with more or less plausible arguments, only to get invited to dine at the Emperor's table. This party's single aim was to gain medals and orders, rank and money; they devoted themselves to watching the fluctuations of Imperial favor; no sooner had it taken a definite direction than this swarm of waiters on Providence threw themselves into the scale, and so effectually that the Czar sometimes found it difficult to act on the opposite side. In fact the gravity of the danger in the immediate future, which gave a vague and feverish

intensity to the general excitement—the whirl of intrigue, self-interest and conceit—and the perpetual collision of opinions and feelings—all lent weight to this, the most numerous party, so that it contributed largely to complicate and divert the march of events. This buzzing swarm, rising up as soon as any new question came under discussion without having settled the previous one, so deafened and bewildered every one as to smother the voices of those who were prepared to examine it fully and honestly.

At the time when Prince André joined the army a ninth party had just come into being and was beginning to make itself heard: a party of veteran statesmen of wisdom and experience, who agreed with none of those here described, but were competent to judge impartially of what was going on under their eyes in the staff at Imperial headquarters, and who sought some way out of the general indecision and confusion. These thought and said that the chief mischief lay in the presence of the Czar and his military court, which had imported this multiplicity of conventional and fluctuating ranks, convenient perhaps at court, but in the army absolutely fatal. The Emperor's place was to govern the country and not to command the troops; the only solution of the difficulty lay in his departure with his suite; his mere presence was an impediment to the movements of 50,000 men who were responsible for his safety; and in their opinion the worst general of division, if he were but free to act, was worth more than the greatest commander-in-chief who ever lived,

under the paralyzing influence and presence of the sovereign.

Schichkow, the secretary of state, one of the most influential leaders of this faction, aided by Balachow and Araktchéïew, concocted a letter to the Czar in which, presuming on the liberty they were allowed of discussing the war operations as a whole, they respectfully begged him to return to the capital, and to excite the enthusiasm of his subjects, stirring them up by his speeches to rise in defense of the country, and fanning the flame of that spirit which, in fact, became a main cause of the triumph of Russia, and which his Majesty's presence at Moscow undoubtedly encouraged. The advice thus offered was taken and Alexander decided on quitting the army.

It was before this letter had been laid before the Czar that Barclay informed Prince André, at dinner, that he was to call on Benningsen at six that afternoon, as his Majesty had expressed a wish to question him himself with regard to affairs in Turkey. That morning a report — subsequently proved to be erroneous — had reached headquarters of an offensive movement on the part of Napoleon, and that same day Colonel Michaud, in a tour of inspection with the Czar of the defences of Drissa, proved to him that this camp, which had been planned by Pfuhl, was not merely useless, but might be the ruin of the Russian army.

Prince André went at the appointed hour to Benningsen's quarters: a house on a small private estate on the banks of the Drissa. He there found only Czerni-

chew, one of the Imperial aides-de-camp, who told him that the Czar had gone out for the second time, with General Benningsen and Marquis Paulucci, to reconnoitre the entrenchments, for that serious doubts had arisen as to their value.

Czernichew was reading a novel in the window-bay of a room which had formerly, no doubt, been a ball-room; there was an organ in it, piled with rolls of carpet; in one corner Benningsen's aide-de-camp, exhausted by fatigue or by the supper he had just eaten, was asleep on a bed. There were two doors from the room; one led into a small study, and the other into a drawing-room, where many voices were audible, talking German chiefly but occasionally French. There, by the Emperor's orders a meeting had been convened—not a council of war, for Alexander disliked such definite designations—but a committee of those whom he wished to consult at this critical moment. These were Armfeldt, the Swede, Woltzogen, Wintzingerode—whom Napoleon always called the French deserter—Michaud, Toll, Baron Stein—who, indeed, was no soldier—and finally Pfuhl, the main-spring of it all, whom Prince André had ample opportunity of studying, for he arrived after Prince André and stood some minutes talking to Czernichew.

Though he had never seen Pfuhl before, he felt at once as though he knew him quite well; he wore the Russian uniform, but with a singularly bad grace, and his appearance was of a common stamp with that of Weirother, Mack, Schmidt, and fifty other theorizing

generals whom Bolkonsky had seen at work in 1805; but Pfuhl seemed to have united in himself all that characterized the class, and, to Prince André, was a perfect and complete specimen of the thorough, unqualified German. He was short and thin, but square-shouldered and strongly built, with broad, bony shoulder-blades; his face was deeply wrinkled, and his eyes deep-set. His hair, combed smoothly and carefully over his temples, hung over the nape of his neck in little ragged tufts. His expression was anxious and sour, as if everything he met caused him alarm. He held his sword clumsily and asked Czernichew where the Emperor was. It was evident that he was in a hurry to get through all ceremony, and he seated in front of the maps on the table, where he would be in his element. He listened with a sarcastic smile to the history of the Emperor's inspection of the entrenchments which he had devised, and could not help growling between his teeth: "Idiots! everything will be lost . . . and a pretty state of things that will be!" Czernichew introduced Prince André, adding that Bolkonsky had just come from Turkey where the war had ended so successfully. Pfuhl scarcely condescended to look at him: "You have seen a good specimen of tactics then!" was all he said, with crushing scorn, and he moved towards the next room.

Pfuhl, at all times cross-grained, was more so that day than ever, in consequence of the criticism to which his defences had been subjected. This brief interview, with his reminiscences of Austerlitz, was

enough to enable Prince André to form a fairly just estimate of the man. Pfuhl was evidently one of those men of one idea who would go to the stake on the assurance they derive from their faith in the infallibility of some principle. Such natures are found among the Germans, who alone are capable of such entire confidence in an abstract idea; as for instance in science, that is to say in their assumed knowledge of an absolute truth.

Pfuhl was, in fact, a believer in the theory of oblique attack as deduced from the wars of Frederick the Great, and everything in modern campaigns which did not accord with this theory was, in his eyes, so monstrous a blunder and so preposterous a mistake that such barbaric combinations did not, in his opinion, deserve serious consideration as warfare.

In 1806 he had been the principal organizer of the campaign which culminated at Jena and Auerstedt, and even that failure had not convinced him of the evils of his system. On the contrary, he still insisted that it was entirely due to the neglect of certain rules, and was fond of repeating with gratified irony: "I knew the whole thing would go to the devil!" Pfuhl's passion for theory led him so far as to lose sight altogether of its practical ends; he had an intense aversion to its application and never would pay any attention to that.

The few words he spoke to Czernichew and Bolkonsky *à propos* to the present war were in the tone of a man who foresees catastrophe and can only deplore it. The melancholy little curls that hung over his coat

collar, and the neatly-combed locks on his temples seemed to harmonize with the tone of his words. He went into the further room and his loud scolding voice was soon audible above the others.

Prince André had hardly turned his head when Count Benningsen rushed through the room, nodding to him as he passed into his study, and giving the aide-de-camp some orders. He had come on in front of the Czar to make some arrangements and receive him on his arrival. Czernichew and Bolkonsky went out on the steps: the Emperor was dismounting. He looked tired, and walked with his head bent; it was evident that he was bored to death by Paulucci who was haranguing him with extreme vehemence; he went forward hoping to cut him short, but the Italian, red with excitement and oblivious of etiquette, followed him closely without ceasing:

“As for the man who advised the entrenchment of that camp, of the camp at Drissa —” he went on, while the Czar went up the steps, gazing at Prince André whom he could not recognize “As for him, Sire,” Paulucci went on, unable to check himself, “I see no alternative but an idiot asylum or the gallows.”

Alexander, without paying the smallest heed to his words, bowed graciously to Bolkonsky whom he had at length identified.

“I am delighted to see you,” he said. “Go in there where they are all assembled and await my commands.”

Baron Stein and Prince Pierre Mikhailovitch Volkonsky followed the Czar into the little room, and the door closed upon them. Prince André, authorized by the sovereign, went into the larger room where the council was assembled. Then Prince Pierre Volkonsky, who was at the time the head of his Majesty's immediate staff, brought in some maps and plans, and laying them on the table stated, in order, the various questions on which the Emperor desired to take the advice of the council; news — afterwards proved false — had just been received that the French were preparing to surround the camp at Drissa.

Count Armfeldt was the first to speak; he proposed to ward off the difficulty by drawing up the whole army at some point, to be determined on, between the high-roads to Moscow and to St. Petersburg, and there to await the foe. This proposal, which was altogether beside the question laid before the council, was made obviously with the sole object of showing that he, too, had a preconceived plan of action, and that he took the first opportunity of detailing it. The scheme, upheld by some and talked down by others, was one of those vague projects which seem to be made without any reference to the influence of events on the course of the war. Young Colonel Toll criticised it hotly, and pulling a manuscript out of his pocket he asked leave to read it. It was a minutely elaborated plan, in every respect precisely the reverse of Armfeldt's and Pfuhl's. This, Paulucci attacked, arguing in favor of acting on the offensive, which would put an end to suspense, and at

any rate get the army out of "this trap," as he designated the camp at Drissa. Pfuhl and his interpreter, Woltzogen, had kept silence all through this stormy debate; the former confined himself to jerking out inarticulate interjections, and sometimes even turned away with a contemptuous look, as if to emphasize the fact that he would never stoop to refute such a pack of nonsense. Prince Volkhonsky, as president, appealed to him in his turn and begged him to give his opinion; but all he would say was that it would be useless, as the others obviously knew better than he did what remained to be done.

"You have your choice," he said, "between the position so wisely chosen by General Armfeldt with the enemy in your rear, and the attack suggested by the Italian gentleman; or, again—which would perhaps be best—an honest retreat!"

Volkhonsky, frowning at this outburst, reminded him that he, Volkhonsky, represented the Emperor. Pfuhl rose, and with increasing wrath, went on:

"Everything has been spoilt and muddled; you thought you could improve on my scheme, and now you appeal to me! Where is the remedy, you ask me? I do not know. I can only tell you to carry out to the letter what I have suggested, on the plans I have laid down," and he rapped his bony fingers on the table.—"Where is the difficulty? There is none! Stuff and nonsense! Child's play!" And going up to the map he rapidly went over various points, proving as he proceeded that no chance of war could cause his plan to

fail, or nullify the advantages of the camp; that he had foreseen and provided for everything; and if the enemy should, in fact, surround it, they would rush on their own destruction.

Paulucci, who could not speak German, asked him a few questions in French; and, as Pfuhl spoke that language very badly, Woltzogen came to the rescue, and translated with great volubility Pfuhl's explanations — all intended to show that the difficulties they were at this moment endeavoring to meet were solely due to the inexact execution of his plan. At last, like a mathematician who will waste no more time on proving a problem he has solved, and of which the solution to him seems obvious, he ceased speaking and left his ideas to be explained in French by Woltzogen, who turned to his chief from time to time saying — “Do not you think so, Excellency?” And Pfuhl, heated by the contest, invariably replied with increasing annoyance:

“Of course. It is beyond dispute.”

Paulucci and Michaud meanwhile were attacking Woltzogen in French and Armfeldt in German, while Toll explained it all in Russian to Prince Volkhonsky.

Prince André looked on and said nothing.

Of all these various personages Pfuhl was the one who most attracted his sympathy: this man, with his preposterous self-confidence and irascible but determined temper, was the only one of them all who asked nothing for himself, who had no hatreds, and who merely wished to see the execution of a scheme based on long years of study. He was ridiculous no doubt,

and his irony intolerably disagreeable, but in spite of it all, it was impossible not to respect his single-minded devotion to an idea. Nor did his speech betray the sort of panic which his adversaries could not, with all their efforts, conceal. This very general feeling — of which there had been no symptom in the councils of 1805 — was now the result of the proved genius of Napoleon, and was perceptible in their most trivial arguments. To him all things were thought possible; he might even be able to attack them on all sides at once, and his name alone was enough to demolish the soundest reasoning. Pfuhl alone spoke of him as a barbarian, and only to be ranked with the rest of those who opposed his favorite theory. Besides his respect for Pfuhl, Prince André felt a vague kind of pity; for, to judge from the tone of the others, from Paulucci's speech to the Czar, and above all from some expressions the learned theorist himself let drop, it was clear that they all anticipated his impending overthrow. It was evident that under this bitter and scornful sarcasm lay angry despair at losing this sole opportunity of applying and verifying his system on a grand scale, and of proving its merits to the world at large.

The discussion was a long one and waxed hotter and noisier; degenerating at last into personalities, and coming to no practical issue. Prince André, as he stood in the midst of this confusion of languages, schemes, suggestions and counter-suggestions, could not help being amazed at all he heard. During his

own career of active service he had often thought over what was called the science of warfare—a science which, in his opinion, did not and could not exist; and he had come to the conclusion that military genius was a mere conventional phrase. These ideas, hitherto but vaguely formed in his mind, had, during this day's debate, found ample confirmation, and had assumed in his mind the aspect of irrefutable truth:

“How,” thought he, “can a theory and a science be supposed to exist under unknown conditions and circumstances, and when the forces brought into play can never be accurately determined? Can any one guess what the relative position of our army and the enemy will be twenty-four hours hence? Have we not seen again and again that, thanks to some resolute madman, 5,000 men have held their ground against 30,000—as they did at Schöngraben—or a force of 50,000 have given way and fled before 8,000—as they did at Austerlitz merely because one single coward started the cry of: ‘We are cut off!’—Where is the science, when everything is vague and depends on an endless variety of circumstances whose resultant force cannot be calculated even for a single minute, since that minute itself can never be foreseen? Armfeldt declares that our communications are cut off; Paulucci says that we have got the foe between two fires; Michaud says that the weak point of the Drissa camp is having the river behind it; Pfuhl proves that that constitutes its strength!—Toll has one plan, Armfeldt another: they are equally good and equally bad, for

the merits of each one can only be discovered in the moment of execution and the evolution of events. — They all talk of military genius. Is the man a genius who contrives to keep his army supplied with biscuit, and sends one regiment to the right and one to the left? No. They only call a man a genius when he is successful and powerful, and because a crowd of toadies, on their knees, as they always are, before Power, attribute to him certain qualities which, after all, are not those of true genius. The contrary is the fact. All the best generals I have known are dull and absent-mannered: for example, Bagration — and Napoleon thinks him the best of them all! Look at Napoleon himself. Did I not see his conceited and arrogant expression at Austerlitz? — A good leader need not be a genius, or have any superior characteristics; on the contrary, the loftiest and noblest qualities of man — love, poetry, tenderness, an enquiring and philosophical scepticism — must lie out of his ken. He must be narrow-minded, absolutely convinced of the importance of the task before him — this is indispensable, for otherwise he will lack patience; he must keep aloof from all affections, and know no ruth; never pause to reflect, never ask himself what is just or unjust . . . on these conditions only can he be a perfect general. Success, even, does not depend on him, but on the private who shrieks: ‘We are lost!’ or the man who shouts: ‘Hurrah!’ — only the soldier who serves in the ranks can be convinced of his own efficiency.”

Prince André was quite lost in these meditations when Paulucci's voice suddenly recalled him to himself: the council was breaking up.

The next day, on parade, the Czar asked him where he wished to be appointed; and Prince André sank past redemption in the estimation of the court circle, by begging to be sent on active service instead of requesting a place near his Majesty's person.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT long before the commencement of hostilities Nicolas Rostow received a letter from his parents, informing him of Natacha's illness and her rupture with Prince André: "she broke off the engagement herself," it said, "without consulting us." They implored him to retire from the service and return home. In his answer he expressed his deep regret at his sister's illness and the breach with her *fiancé*, and assured them he would do what he could to fall in with their wishes; but he never dreamed of asking leave.

"Adored friend of my soul," he wrote privately to Sonia, "honor alone forbids my returning to be with you all. Now, on the very eve of war, I should feel disgraced, not only in the eyes of my comrades, but also in my own, if I were to prefer happiness to duty and devotion to my country. But this, I believe, will be our last separation. As soon as the campaign is over, if I am still alive and you still love me, I will give up everything here and fly to you and clasp you for once and all to my loving devoted heart."

This was the exact truth; the war alone had prevented his marriage. The autumn at Otradnoë with its hunting, the winter with its carnival festivities, and his

love for Sonia had raised visions of peaceful happiness and quiet scenes which, till then, he had not known, and which smiled upon him more and more: "A perfect wife, sweet children, a capital pack of hounds, ten or a dozen leash of swift greyhounds, the estate to manage, neighbors to entertain, and an active share in the functions of the noble class: that is what I call a good life!" thought he. But it was of no use to think of it; the war required his presence with his regiment, and it was in his nature to submit to such a necessity without recalcitrancy, fully content with the life he led and that he made pleasant to himself.

He had been hailed with joy by his fellow-officers on his return from his furlough; he had next been entrusted to buy horses for the regiment and brought back some well-selected beasts from Little Russia. Every one was satisfied, and he was warmly commended by his chiefs. During this short absence he had been promoted to the rank of captain, and when his regiment was called upon to serve he found himself in command of his old squadron.

War had begun, pay was doubled; the regiment was sent into Poland and there joined by fresh officers, soldiers and horses, and it was gay with the enthusiasm and bustle always to be seen at the beginning of a campaign. Rostow, fully appreciating the advantages of his position, gave himself up entirely to the pleasures and duties of the service, though he knew full well that the time would come when he must leave it.

For many reasons of state and of policy, not to

mention others, the troops were moved from Vilna and every yard of their retreat gave rise to fresh complications in the staff—interests, passions and intrigues of every kind. So far as the Pavlograd hussars were concerned the retreat was effected in beautiful weather, with abundant supplies, and all the ease and comfort of a pleasure trip. If there were despair, discouragement and above all intrigues at headquarters, that was their affair; in the ranks no one cared where they were going or why they went. The only regrets the retreat gave rise to were for the quarters where life had been so pleasant, and the pretty Polish “girls they left behind them.” If it ever occurred to an officer to think that the future did not promise much good he made haste, as a soldier should, to cast away dull care and be jolly, and to concentrate his attention on the work in hand so as to forget the general situation. The camp was at first pitched at a short distance from Vilna; there was plenty of fun to be had among the Polish landowners with whom the officers made acquaintance, and in constant preparations for being reviewed by the Czar or some one high in command.

Then the order came to fall back on Sventziany and to destroy all victuals that could not be carried away. The hussars had a vivid recollection of Sventziany, which, when they had last been in quarters there, had gone by the name of “the drunkards’ camp.” The conduct of the troops, who in foraging for victuals and necessities had taken possession of horses, vehicles, carpets and everything that had come in their way, had

given rise to serious complaints. Rostow, too, remembered the place only too well, having had to dismiss his quartermaster the very day of his arrival and been at a loss what to do with his men who were as drunk as owls, and who had, without his knowledge, brought away five tuns of strong old beer!

From Sventziany the retreat was continued as far as Drissa; and from Drissa further still, towards the Russian frontier.

On the 13th (25th) July the Pavlograd regiment had a sharp encounter with the foe; on the previous evening it had suffered under a furious gale of wind with heavy rain and hail, the precursor of the violent storms and tempests which were so unusually frequent in the course of the year 1812. Two squadrons had bivouacked in a field of rye which the horses and cattle had trampled till there was not a grain of corn left in the ear; it was raining in torrents. Rostow and a young officer he had taken under his protection, named Iline, had taken shelter under a hurdle hut run up in great haste. Another officer, whose face was literally hidden behind a gigantic pair of moustaches, rushed in, overtaken by the squall.

"I have come from headquarters," he said. "Have you heard, Count, of Raïevsky's exploit? . . ." And he told him the details of the battle of Saltanovka. The moustached officer, whose name was Zdrzinsky, made his story graphic; to hear him you might have thought that the dyke at Saltanovka was at least as important as the pass of Thermopylae, and that General

Raïevsky's conduct in going forward on to the dyke with his two sons was comparable to that of the heroes of antiquity. Rostow paid no particular attention to the narrative; he smoked his pipe, wriggled a little as the water every now and then trickled coldly down his neck, and looked at Iline out of the corner of his eye. There was the same relation between the lad of sixteen and himself now, as, seven years ago, had bound him to Denissow. Iline had a quite feminine adoration for Rostow, who was his idol and pattern. Zdrzinsky could not impart the fire of his enthusiasm to Nicolas; he sat in gloomy silence, and it was easy to see by his face that the whole story was particularly displeasing to him. Did he not know, only too well, by his experience of Austerlitz and the war of 1807, that men always lied in their reports of military deeds—nay, that he himself lied in speaking of his own prowess? Did he not know, too, that in battle nothing really happens exactly as we fancy, and as we describe it afterwards? So the story annoyed him, and yet more the narrator; for he had an unpleasant habit of leaning over the person he was addressing and putting his face so close as almost to touch him; besides which he took up too much room in the tiny hut. “In the first place,” said Rostow to himself, as he fixed his eyes on the speaker, “the crush and confusion on the dyke must have been so great that even if Raïevsky rushed forward with his sons it could have had effect only on the ten or twelve men who were nearest to him.—As to the rest, they certainly would not have noticed who he was; or, if they did, it

would have affected them but little, since at the moment their first care was the preservation of their own skin and consequently the parental heroism cannot have mattered to them . . . And after all, the fate of the country did not hang on that dyke! It came to much the same thing whether we took it or let the enemy have it; and it was not Thermopylae, whatever Zdrzinsky may think, so what was the point of the sacrifice? Why put his sons in the front? I should not expose Pétia so; no, nor even Iline though he does not belong to me and is a good little fellow; — on the contrary, I should have taken care to keep them out of harm's way." But he took good care not to give utterance to these reflections; experience had taught him that such frankness was useless, since, as this rhodomontade was all to the honor and glory of the Russian army, of course he must pretend to believe it implicitly and he did not hesitate to do so.

"This is unbearable!" Iline presently exclaimed, guessing that Rostow was but ill-pleased. "I am wet to the skin — the rain is diminishing. I shall look for shelter elsewhere." And he and Zdrzinsky went out together.

Not five minutes after Iline came back again, splashing through the mire: "Hurrah! Rostow, come along. I have found a place. There is a tavern two hundred yards away, and some of our men are there already. We can get dry there, and Marie Henrikovna is there, too."

Marie Henrikovna was a pretty little German whom

the surgeon of the regiment had married in Poland, and now took with him wherever he went. Whether this was because he could not afford to set up housekeeping, or because he did not like to part with her during the early months of their married life, no one knew. Be it as it may, the surgeon's jealousy had become an inexhaustible joke to the hussar officers. Rostow threw his cloak round him, called Lavrouchka and ordered him to follow with his baggage; then he and Iline set out, slipping in the mud and splashing into puddles; but the rain was lighter, the storm was passing over, and the lurid flashes of lightning rent the darkness at longer intervals.

"Rostow, where are you?" shouted Iline.

"Here, all right," said Rostow. "What a flash!"

The surgeon's *kibitka* * was standing at the door of the tavern where five officers had taken shelter. Marie Henrikovna, a pretty, fair creature, but rather stout, was sitting on the bench in the place of honor in her dressing-jacket and night-cap, and partly screened her husband who lay stretched behind her, fast asleep. They were all laughing and talking as the new-comers went in.

"You seem very jolly here!" said Nicolas.

"Well, you are in a nice mess, you two!" was the reply. "Perfect water-spouts! Do not swamp our drawing-room. — Take care, don't spoil Marie Henrikovna's dress!"

Rostow and Iline looked about for a corner where,

* A travelling-carriage or cart with a tilt.

without insulting that lady's modesty, they might get into dry clothing. This they found — a part of the room divided off by a wainscot ; but it was already occupied by three officers who entirely filled it. They were playing cards by the light of a tallow candle stuck into a bottle, and declined to make way. Marie Henrikovna, however, took pity on them, she lent them a petticoat which they hung up as a curtain, and with Lavrouchka's help, behind its folds, they at length got out of their soaked garments.

With some difficulty they lighted a fire in a broken-down stove ; a board was found somewhere and propped up on two saddles and covered with a saddle-cloth ; a samovar was unpacked, a basket was opened in which there was half a bottle of rum, and Marie Henrikovna was requested to preside. They all gathered round her ; one offered his white pocket-handkerchief to wipe her pretty hands ; another laid his pelisse under her feet to preserve them from damp ; a third hung his cloak across the window to keep off the cold ; and a fourth waved off the flies that might have disturbed her husband.

" Let him be," said his wife with a timid smile. — " Let him be ; he always sleeps hard after a night ride."

" Impossible !" said the officer. " We must take good care of the doctor ; one never knows what may happen, and he will do as much for me when he cuts off a leg or an arm for me."

There were but three glasses, and the water was so dingy and yellow that it was impossible to tell whether the tea were too strong or too weak. The samovar only

held enough for six glasses, but no one complained; nay, they thought it very good fun to be served in turn, in order of seniority, and to accept the scalding liquid from Marie Henrikovna's plump hands, though her nails, it must be owned, left much to be desired on the score of cleanness. They all seemed—and indeed were—in love with her that evening; even the card-players came out of their nook and left their game, to be attentive and amiable to her. Thus surrounded by handsome young men, Marie Henrikovna was radiantly content, in spite of her alarm at the slightest movement on the part of her sleeping husband.

There was but one spoon, but to make up for that there was plenty of sugar; only, as it would not melt, it was agreed that Marie should stir each glass of tea in turn. When she handed Rostow his glass he put in some rum and held it out to her.

“But you have put no sugar in!” she said laughing.—To see the good-humor of the whole party, it might have been thought that everything that was said was exquisitely witty and funny.

“I do not want any sugar; I only want you to dip your spoon in my tea with your pretty fingers.”

Marie Henrikovna was nothing loth, and looked round for the spoon of which some one else had meanwhile taken possession.

“Never mind, dip your little finger in; I shall like that even better,” said Rostow.

“But it will burn me!” said Marie, coloring with pleasure.

Iline took up a pail of water, threw in one or two drops of rum and brought it to her.

"Stir that with your finger," said he, "and I will drink every drop of it!"

When the samovar had been drained to the bottom Rostow took a pack of cards out of his pocket and proposed that Marie should play *écarté* with one of them. They drew lots for the honor, and it was agreed that the winner, drawing the king, should kiss the lady's hand and that the loser should devote himself to heating the samovar again for the surgeon's tea.

"But supposing Marie Henrikovna herself should draw the king?" said Iline.

"Well, as she is our queen, her orders shall be obeyed in the matter."

They had scarcely begun when the doctor's tumbled head made its appearance over his wife's shoulder; he had been awake a minute or two, and had heard all the fun going on around him; but it was evident from his forlorn and sulky expression that he did not find it amusing. Without taking any notice of the officers, he dolefully scratched his head and asked to be let out of his corner; they let him pass, and he went out followed by a Homeric roar of laughter. Marie Henrikovna could not help reddening till the tears came into her eyes; but she was not the less bewitching in the opinion of her admirers. When the doctor came in again he told his wife, who had ceased smiling and sat anxiously awaiting her doom, that the rain was over and that they

must get into the kибitka again for fear their effects should be stolen.

“What an idea!” exclaimed Rostow. “I will put an orderly in charge — two if you like?”

“I will mount guard myself!” cried Iline.

“Thank you very much, gentlemen,” said the doctor grimly. “You all have had plenty of sleep perhaps; I have spent two nights without rest.” And he sat down sulkily by his wife’s side to see the end of the game. The surgeon’s expression as he fiercely watched her every movement only added to the amusement of the other men, who could not keep from laughing, and racked their brains to invent more or less plausible excuses for their merriment. When he at last carried off his pretty better-half they lay down, wrapped in their damp cloaks; but they could not sleep, and kept up their jests for a long time after at the doctor’s fright and the lady’s enjoyment; some even went out on the steps to overhear, if they could, what was going on in the kибitka. Rostow tried several times to get to sleep, but each time he was roused by some fresh sally, and they all began talking again with hearty shouts of laughter — laughter without either rhyme or reason, like a parcel of children.

No one had yet been to sleep when, at about three in the morning, the quartermaster came in with orders that the regiment was to start at once for Ostrovna, a town a little further on.

The officers got ready in a hurry, but did not stop talking; the same samovar was once more heated to boil

the same yellow water; but Rostow went off to see to his squadron without waiting for tea. It was not raining; day was breaking, the clouds were slowly dispersing; it was very damp and cold and this was the more chilling because his uniform had not had time to get dry. As they passed the kibitka Iline and Rostow glanced into it. The surgeon's legs came out from under the wet apron; in a corner, resting on a pillow, was his wife's little night-capped head, and they could hear her heavy breathing.

"She really is a nice little thing!" said Rostow to his companion.

"Charming!" exclaimed Iline with all the conviction of sixteen.

Within half an hour the squadron were standing in their ranks along the road. The order was given to mount and the men, crossing themselves, leaped into their saddles. Rostow put himself at their head:

"Forward!" he cried, and the hussars started, four abreast, to the noise of their horses' hoofs trampling in the mud and the clatter of their sabres; they followed in the wake of the infantry and artillery, along the high-road, between lines of birch-trees.

Violet-grey clouds, still crimson in the east, floated swiftly across the sky; day grew apace; the grass in the ditches was now visible, all wet with the night's rain, and sparkling drops hung from the drooping branches of the birch-trees. The soldiers' faces were more plainly distinguishable. Rostow and Iline were

riding along the little avenue formed by two rows of trees on one side of the road. Nicolas was fond of changing his horse in the course of a day's ride, mounting a cossack horse instead of the regimental charger. He was a lover and connoisseur of beasts, and had lately purchased a fine sorrel nag with a white mane, from the steppes of the Don, which nothing could outstrip and which he rode with intense enjoyment; so he now trotted on, thinking of his horse, of the surgeon's wife, of the dawning day — without once reflecting on the enemy that might be down on them at any moment.

Formerly he would have felt afraid of marching on to battle; now he had no fears. Had custom inured him? No; but he had learnt to control himself, and to think of anything rather than of that which might have seemed the most pressing at such a moment; the danger, namely, that lay before him. All his efforts, all the reproaches he had heaped upon himself for his cowardice, had not during the early years of his service, conquered the terror which instinctively came over him; but time had insensibly worked the change. So he took his way with calm indifference under the trees, pulled a leaf as he passed, stroked his horse's shoulder with his toe, and held out his pipe when it was empty to the hussar behind him, without turning round; he might have been riding out for a morning airing. He felt real pity for Iline's anxious and excited face which expressed so many conflicting emotions; he knew by experience that state of feverish apprehension, that anguish of an-

ticipating terror and death ; and he knew that time was the only remedy.

The sun had no sooner struggled up above the bank of clouds than the wind fell : it seemed hushed in respect at the glorious day that dawned after so wild a night. There was a light passing shower, and then all was calm. The fiery orb as it rose higher was hidden for a minute behind a strip of cloud, and rent the upper edge to blaze forth once more in full splendor ; the landscape shone in beauty, the verdure glistened brightly — and then, like an ironical comment on this glory of life and light, they heard in the distance the first growl of cannon.

At what distance Rostow had not time to guess, when an aide-de-camp from Count Ostermann Tolstoy rode up from Vitebsk at a gallop, and communicated an order to advance as rapidly as possible.

The squadron soon out-rode the infantry and artillery — who also went at double-quick pace — down a hill, through an abandoned village, and up the opposite slope, men and horses bathed in sweat.

“ Halt ! ” cried the colonel of division : the squadron formed in line.

“ Single file ! Left ! forward ! ” The hussars made their way along the front to the left flank of the position, behind the Uhlans who were to lead the attack. On the right the infantry reserve were placed in dense columns ; over their heads, on the heights, the cannon gleamed against the sky in the slanting rays of the morning sun. Below, in the hollow, the enemy’s

columns and artillery were briskly exchanging shots with the Russian outposts.

The muttered rattle of musketry, which Rostow had not heard for many a day, exhilarated him like martial music; he listened with pleasure to the *rap, tap, ta-ta, tap* that incessantly fell on his ear, singly or in louder unison with irregular rests and outbursts of renewed vigor; like a child trampling on crackers.

The hussars waited motionless for about half an hour; then the heavy fire began. After speaking a few words to the colonel of the regiment, Count Ostermann and his suite rode to the rear of the squadron, and away towards a battery posted a few yards off. A few minutes later the order was given to the Uhlans to form for the attack and the infantry in front parted to let them pass. Down the slope, and away at a round trot, their pennons flying from their lances, they rode towards the French cavalry which had just turned the left shoulder of the hill.

As soon as they had started the hussars were brought forward to take their place and cover the battery. A few spent bullets passed over their heads, whistling and sighing through the air. This noise, as it came closer, increased Rostow's eager high spirits. Perched as high as he could sit on his saddle, he could look down on the whole field of action, and anxiously followed every movement of the Uhlans. As they came into collision with the French horse there was a moment of confusion, under a cloud of smoke; then he saw that they were driven back on the left, and

mixed up with them and their sorrel chargers were the compact blue masses of French dragoons on dappled grey horses, evidently having the best of it.

Rostow's practised eye at once understood what was happening: the Uhlans, broken up by the enemy, were scattered and flying, and coming nearer and nearer. He could already distinguish the movements of the men, though they looked small in the distance—he could see them clash, struggle and seize each other, flourishing their sabres.

Rostow watched the scene as he might have watched a hunt; his instinct told him that if the hussars were to attack the dragoons now at once the French would give way; but it was now or never: a second later would be too late. He looked round; his subaltern was by his side—his eyes, too, fixed on the struggle:

“André Sévastianovitch,” said Rostow, “we could knock them over? What do you say?”

“No doubt of it, for . . .”

But Rostow did not wait for the end of the sentence; spurring his horse, he set off at the head of his men who, as if stirred by the same impulse, did not wait for orders to follow him. Nicolas had no conscious reason for doing as he did, and hardly knew how he did it: the action was unpremeditated and instinctive, as it might have been out hunting. He saw the enemy galloping in some disorder at a short distance off; he felt that they would make no stand, and that, come what might, the moment must be seized, for that once past

it would be gone for ever. The singing of the bullets was so exciting, his horse was so difficult to hold in, that he was carried away by impulse, and he heard the tramp of his squadron close behind him as they pelted down the hill. On the level below they broke into a gallop, faster and faster as they got nearer to the Uhlans, whom the French were pursuing, goading the horses' hind quarters with their swords. On seeing the hussars the front ranks of the dragoons hesitated and paused, stopping the way to those behind them. Rostow giving his cossack steed his head rushed on to the attack like a huntsman at a wolf. One Uhlan checked himself in his flight; a man on foot threw himself on the ground to escape being crushed; a riderless horse plunged into the middle of the hussars, and then the larger number of the French dragoons turned and were off at top speed.

Just as Rostow spurred his horse in pursuit a bush stood in his path, but his good beast took it at a bound, and Nicolas had hardly settled himself in his seat again when he was close on the enemy's heels. A French officer, to judge from his uniform, was galloping a few feet ahead of him, bent over his horse's neck and beating him with the flat of his sword. Half a second later Rostow's charger rushed down with all his force, his breast-bone on the Frenchman's crupper, nearly upsetting him; Rostow mechanically raised his sabre and let it fall on the foe. But, in the very act, the fire that had carried him so far was extinct as if by magic. The officer had gone down, more from the collision and

his own alarm than from the blow dealt him by his assailant, which had only wounded him very slightly above the elbow.

Rostow pulled up to look for the man he had hit ; the luckless dragoon was hopping along on one foot, unable to disengage the other from his stirrup. He blinked his eyes and frowned, as if apprehending a second blow, and glanced up and down in undisguised alarm at the Russian hussar. His boyish face, pale and mud-stained, with light blue eyes, fair hair and dimpled chin, was far indeed from the type of countenance one would expect to meet on a battle-field ; it was not the face of a foe, but the simplest, sweetest, most innocent face to grace a peaceful home. Rostow was still wondering whether he was really going to finish him, when the lad said : " I surrender ! " Still hopping and unable to free himself he allowed himself to be rescued by some Russian hussars who helped him into his saddle again. Many of his comrades, like himself, had been taken prisoners ; one of them, streaming with blood, was still fighting to recover his horse ; another, supported by a Russian, was clambering on the victor's charger to sit on the crupper behind him ; the French infantry were still firing as they retreated.

The hussars now promptly returned to their position, and Rostow as he followed them had a painful impression of a weight on his soul ; it was but vague and ill-defined, a sort of compunction that he could not account for, which he had felt in taking the young officer prisoner, and still more in hitting him.

Count Ostermann Tolstoy came to meet the conquerors, sent for Rostow, thanked him, told him that he should report his heroic exploit to his Majesty and recommend him for the cross of St. George. Rostow, who had expected on the contrary to be blamed and reprimanded, since he had acted without orders, was greatly surprised; but that background of distressed feeling, which was really acutely painful, prevented his entire satisfaction.

"What is it that is worrying me?" thought he, as he turned away. "Not Iline? No, he is safe and sound! Have I done anything wrong? No, nothing of that kind! . . . It is the little Frenchman with his dimpled chin. I hesitated a moment before striking him. — I remember it still! . . ."

The prisoners, under guard, were just setting off; he went up to them to look once more at the young dragoon, and saw him mounted on a hussar's horse, with a very scared expression. His wound was trifling; he smiled shyly at Rostow and waved his hand, and Rostow felt a discomfort that was almost shame.

All that day and the next his fellow-officers observed that, without being fractious or sullen, he was silent, pensive and absent-minded; that he drank without enjoyment and preferred to be alone, as if some fixed idea weighed upon his mind.

He was thinking of the "heroic exploit" which had earned him the cross of St. George, and by which he had gained a reputation for valor. There was to him an impenetrable mystery in the affair. "Then they

are more afraid than we are?" thought he. "And this — and nothing more than this — can pass for heroism? But it does not seem to me that love of one's country has anything to do with it. — And my blue-eyed prisoner, what share has he in the responsibility? — How terrified he was! He thought I was going to kill him! Why should I kill him? And although my hand trembled, I am to have the cross of St. George all the same! I can make nothing of it, absolutely nothing!"

But while Nicolas Rostow was lost in such reflections, puzzling himself with questions to which there was no solution, Fortune had suddenly turned her wheel in his favor. He was promoted after the fight at Ostrovna to the command of two squadrons of hussars; and henceforth, when a brave officer was in request, he always had the preference.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON hearing of Natacha's illness Countess Rostow, though still ailing, had set out for Moscow with Pétia and all her servants ; she settled into their town house whither the rest of the party had already moved.

Natacha's illness took so serious a form that, happily for her and for her parents, all the causes that had led to it—her misconduct and the breach with Bolkonsky—were cast into the background. She was in too critical a state to allow of her estimating her own fault in the matter : she ate nothing, did not sleep, grew thinner every day and coughed incessantly ; the doctors told her parents that her life hung on a thread. After this their one idea was to alleviate her suffering. All the leaders of science were called in to see her, singly or in consultation ; laid their heads together, criticised each other, talked French, German and Latin, and prescribed the most antagonistic remedies, adapted to cure every complaint that they ever had heard of.

It never struck them that the disease from which Natacha was suffering was not within the power of their science ; that not one of the ills that crush humanity, in fact, ever can be ; since every living being

has a constitution of his (or her) own and bears within himself his own peculiar malady, unknown to medicine and often highly intricate. It is not to be traced exclusively to the lungs, the liver, the heart or the spleen; it is not specified in any treatise; it is simply the outcome of one or another of the numberless complications which arise from a disorder of one of these organs. Physicians who spend their lives in prescribing for the sufferers, and are paid for doing it, will not admit this; how can they? — And even if they did, how could the magician cease work his spells? How should they think themselves other than indispensable when they are so in fact, only in a different way from what they fancy. At the Rostows', for instance, if they were of any use it was not because they made their patient swallow a variety of mixtures, for the most part noxious, though their effect in small doses was almost inappreciable, but because their presence was a satisfaction to the aching hearts that loved and watched over Natacha. This is where the strength of the physician lies, be he a quack, a homeopath or an allopath. He supplies the perennial demand for comfort, the craving for sympathy that every human sufferer feels, and of which the germs exist in the child. See a baby that has given itself a blow; it runs to its mother or its nurse to be kissed and have "the place" rubbed; and it actually suffers less for the pity and caress. — Why? Because it feels that they are bigger and wiser than itself, and have it in their power to help it.

So the doctors were of a certain use to Natacha

when they assured her that she would be better after taking the pills and the powders from the shop in the Arbatskaia, which were put up in a neat little box, costing one rouble and seventy kopecks, and were to be dissolved in boiling water, and taken every two hours.

And what would have become of Sonia and the count and countess if they had had nothing to do but to fold their hands, instead of carrying out every order to the letter: of giving the mixture at regular intervals, insisting on a morsel of chicken being eaten and attending to all the thousand little things which give occupation and comfort to those who have the care of the sick? How could the count have borne this anxiety about his darling child if he had not been able to look forward to sacrificing several thousand roubles, and taking her abroad at any cost for change of air and the opinion of foreign celebrities? What would he have done if he could not have had the pleasure of telling his friends how that Métivier and Feller had made a mistake, how that Frise had hit the nail on the head, and Moudrow had exactly understood Natacha's case? And what would the countess have found to occupy her if she might not have scolded her daughter when the child rebelled against the rules laid down for her?

"You will never get well if you do not do as you are told and take the pills regularly," she would say with a kind of impatience which made her forget her anxiety. "You must not play any tricks with an illness which, as you very well know, may lapse into pneumonia." And she really found comfort in speaking this

learned word, which she did not understand, — and God knows, there are many like her !

Sonia again, what would she have done if she had not been able to say that she had never had her clothes off for three nights, to be always at hand to carry out the doctor's orders, and that even now she slept with one eye open, so as to be ready to administer the pills out of the gilt paper box. And even Natacha herself, though she was convinced she should never get well and did not wish to live, found much satisfaction in all the sacrifices that were made for her, and in taking her medicine with due punctuality.

The doctor came every day, felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, and laughed and talked a little, taking no notice of her forlorn looks. When he left the room the countess would hurry after him ; he put on a grave face, shook his head, and tried to persuade her that he hoped for wonders from the last remedy ; that they could but wait and see ; that the malady was as much mental as . . . But then the countess, who refused to allow herself to recognize this, would slip his fee into his hand and go back with a lighter heart, to sit with the invalid.

The serious symptoms were a total loss of appetite and sleep, and an almost constant cough, with an apathy from which nothing could rouse her. The doctors, saying that she could not get on without incessant treatment, kept her in the unwholesome air of the city, and the Rostows were consequently obliged to remain in Moscow throughout the summer of 1812.

However, in spite of this, and of the infinite number of bottles and of boxes of pills, drops and powders — of which Mme. Schoss, who was a fervent believer, made a complete collection — youth at length got the upper hand: the small incidents of daily life gradually healed over Natacha's griefs; the acute suffering which had wrung her heart glided into the past, and by degrees her strength came slowly back.

Natacha became calmer but she did not recover her spirits. Indeed, she avoided everything that might have amused and cheered her — balls, parties, theatres, concerts; even when she smiled there seemed to be tears lurking in the background. She could not sing. At the first sound of her own voice she broke down, tears choked her: tears of repentance, tears for the memory of that happy time, now forever past. Song and laughter seemed sacrilege to her sorrow! As to flirtation, she never thought of such a thing; as she truly said, she cared no more for any man than she did for Nastacia the old buffoon. A secret scruple prohibited all pleasure in her life; she could feel no interest in the thousand small occupations of a girl's round of happy heedlessness and trivial hopes. What would she not have given to recall one day of that past autumn at Otradnoë, with Nicolas, for whom her heart yearned with terrible anxiety? But alas! All that was gone, and forever. — Her presentiments had not deceived her. Her freedom of that time and her aspirations after unknown joys were over and done; — and yet she had to live.

Instead of thinking, as she had then been apt to do, that she was better than others, she now took a pleasure in humbling herself, and wondering what the gloomy future could have in store for her. She tried to give no one any trouble, and as to her personal comfort, she never even thought of it. She commonly kept aloof even from the family circle and only seemed quite at her ease with Pétia, who could sometimes make her laugh. She rarely went out, and of those who now and then came to see her the only person she cared for was Pierre. It would have been impossible for any one to show more discretion, tenderness and tact than Count Bésoukhov; she felt it without thinking about it, and it naturally made his society pleasant to her. But she did not appreciate it at its full worth; she was so convinced that in his commonplace good-nature Pierre found it no effort to be kind to her. Nevertheless she noticed from time to time that he seemed ill at ease, particularly when he feared lest the conversation should revive painful associations; but she ascribed this to his kind-heartedness and his native bashfulness. He had never again alluded to the confession of feelings that had escaped him that day in the stress of intense emotion, and she thought no more of it than of the soothing words with which we try to comfort an unhappy child. Never supposing that it was meant but as a form of consolation, it never came into her head to imagine that love, or even a pure and sublimated friendship, such as she knew could sometimes exist between a man and woman, could come of their intimacy — not, indeed,

because Pierre was a married man, but because the moral barrier which had so completely given way between her and Kouraguine, stood firm and rigid between her and Pierre.

It was towards the close of the midsummer fast, before St. Peter's day, that a neighbor from Otradnoë, Agrippina Ivanovna Bélow, arrived at Moscow to worship at the shrines of the martyrs. She asked Natacha to join in her devotions, and Natacha gladly consented, in spite of the doctor who prohibited early exercise; and to make more serious preparation than was customary in that household she said that she could not be satisfied with the three shorter services, but should accompany Agrippina to all the services—vespers, matins, and high mass, throughout the week. The countess encouraged her religious fervor. She hoped in her heart that prayer might prove a more efficient remedy than the efforts of science, and, without confiding in the doctor, she gave way to her daughter's wish, and put her in charge of the nurse in the next room, who, when she went to call Natacha at three in the morning, found her already up for fear of being late.

Having hastily dressed in her shabbiest gown, she slipped on her oldest cloak, and shivering with the chill of night they made their way through the empty streets in the cold pale light of dawn. In obedience to the advice of her zealous friend she attended the services not in her own parish, but at another church where the priest was esteemed for a particularly pure and austere life. The worshippers were few. Natacha and Agrip-

pina followed the service with deep devotion, kneeling in front of the image of the Virgin which stood between the choir and the congregation, and fixing their eyes on the blackened figure, lighted at this mystic hour by quivering tapers and the first streaks of day peeping through the windows. And a feeling of humility was born in her soul which she had never before known, of abasement in the presence of Something supreme and incomprehensible. When she could follow the words pronounced by the choir or the officiating priest, her aspirations found utterance in the common prayer; when she failed to catch the sense, she told herself submissively that the desire to know was an outcome of pride; that she ought to be content to believe and trust in the Lord, whom she felt at this moment to be the Sovereign of her soul. She prayed and crossed herself, imploring God with fervor enhanced by her sense of iniquity, to forgive her her sins. She rejoiced to find in herself a sincere will to amend, and a power of foreshadowing the possibility of a pure and happy life in the future. And leaving the church at a still early hour she would meet no one on her way home but the masons going to their work, and the gate-porters sweeping the streets in front of the still sleeping houses.

This sense of regeneration possessed her throughout the week, and the happiness of receiving communion and tasting the Lord seemed so exquisite, that she only dreaded lest she should die before that thrice happy Sunday.

But the longed-for day dawned in due turn, and when Natacha came back from the communion service, in her white muslin gown, she felt, for the first time after many weeks, at peace with herself and the life before her.

The doctor, when he paid his usual visit, bid her continue the powders he had prescribed a fortnight since :

“ Go on taking them very regularly,” he said with a smile; he was honestly convinced of their efficacy. “ Be quite easy,” he added to the countess, skilfully hiding in his palm the gold piece she had slipped into it; “ she will soon be singing and dancing again. This last prescription has done wonders; she is very much better.”

The countess spit for luck, looking at her nails,* and went into the drawing-room greatly cheered.

By the beginning of July the most alarming reports of the progress of the war had reached Moscow: the Czar had issued a manifesto and was on his way to the capital; it was said that he had left the army because it was in danger; that Smolensk had capitulated; that Napoleon had not less than a million of men with him; and that nothing but a miracle could save Russia.

The manifesto was received on the 23d of July, but as it had not yet been printed Pierre promised to dine with the Rostows on the following day and bring a

* A ceremony vulgarly supposed in Russia to ward off the evil eye.

copy of it from Count Rostoptchine, with the proclamation appended to it.

The next day was a Sunday, a perfect summer day, oppressively hot even by ten in the morning, the hour at which the Rostow family were in the habit of attending mass in the chapel of the hotel Rasoumovsky. Every one was suffering from lassitude and that general nervous sensitiveness and uneasiness which is so commonly the result of a very hot day in a great city. This state of tension gave acuteness to every impression: the light colors of the people's dresses, the cries of the street venders, the dusty leaves of the trees along the boulevard, the clatter on the pavement, the noisy music and dazzling white trousers of a regiment marching to parade, and yet more the scorching heat of the July sun. All the rank and fashion of Moscow had met at the private chapel, for most of the nobility, anticipating serious events, had remained in town instead of spending the summer on their estates.

Countess Rostow stepped out of her carriage, and a footman in livery marched before her to make way for her through the crowd. Natacha, who was following her, presently heard a young man whom she did not know say to his neighbor rather loud:

• "Yes, it must be Countess Natalie; she is much thinner, but she is even handsomer than she was!"

Then she fancied—but that she often did—that she heard the names of Bolkonsky and Kouraguine, for she felt as though every one who saw her must discuss what had happened. Stung to the quick and painfully

agitated, she nevertheless walked on, in her lilac dress, with the dignity and ease of a woman who does her utmost to be easy and dignified because in her heart she is dying of shame and grief. She knew she was handsome, but her beauty no longer gave her the satisfaction she had formerly felt; and this bright, sultry day seemed, on the contrary, to turn it to bitterness and vexation: "One more week gone," she said to herself, "and so it will always be. The same dreary and melancholy life. — I am young and handsome — I know it I was very naughty, but now I am good — I know that, too And the best years of my life must be wasted without profit to any one."

She took her place by her mother's side and looked round at the people and the dresses near her, criticising, from sheer force of habit, the appearance of her neighbors and their way of crossing themselves. — "And they are criticising me no doubt!" she said to herself as an excuse. But at the first chant of the service she shuddered with horror, as she compared these idle thoughts with those she ought to have had after that day of her communion. Had she not sullied the bright purity of that impression for ever?

A venerable old priest performed the service, with the gentle impressiveness that brings peace and rest to all who pray. The holy gates were closed, from behind the curtain that was slowly withdrawn a mysterious voice murmured a few words. Natacha's eyes involuntarily filled with tears and her whole being thrilled with soft and languid emotion.

“Teach me what I ought to do!” she murmured. “Teach me to school myself and above all to correct myself of my faults!”

The deacon, coming forth from the iconostasion* and taking his place in front of the holy gates, pulled his long hair out of the neck of his dalmatica, and making the sign of the cross, said solemnly:

“Let us pray to the Lord in peace!” Natacha mentally responded: “Let us pray without difference of rank, and without hatred, all united in brotherly love!”

“Let us pray that He may grant us heavenly peace and the salvation of our souls,” said the priest, and Natacha replied from the bottom of her heart: “Let us pray to obtain the peace of the angels and of all the spiritual beings who dwell above us.”

At the prayer for the army she besought the Lord for her brother and for Denissow; at the prayer for all who travel by land or by water she thought of Prince André, and implored forgiveness for the wrong she had done him; at the prayer for those who love us she interceded for those near and dear to her, understanding for the first time how cruelly she had wounded them; at the prayer for our enemies she wondered who her enemies could be, and could think of none but her father's creditors. Nevertheless, one name always rose to her tongue at this petition — that of Anatole; and though he, to be sure, had not hated her, she prayed

* The iconostasion is the screen on which the holy images are placed, in the Greek church.

for him with double fervor as for an enemy. She never could think of him and of Prince André with any calmness except in these moments of devotion, for then only did the fear of God get the better of her impulses towards them both. At the prayer for the Imperial family and the sacred synod she crossed herself devoutly, telling herself that, since she was forbidden to doubt, she ought to pray fervently for the governing synod without knowing what it meant.

“Let us each and all commend ourselves and each other, at each moment of our lives, to the holy keeping of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ,” the priest went on; and Natacha, carried away by her impetus of religious fervor, responded ardently: “Take me, O Lord! take me to Thee!”

To see her it might have been thought that she was on the point of being lifted heavenwards by an invisible power, and delivered once for all from her regrets, her faults, her hopes and her remorse. The countess, who had been watching her rapt expression and glistening eyes, was praying on her part that God would vouchsafe to help and comfort her darling child.

In the middle of the service, contrary to the usual custom, the sacristan brought in the wooden stool on which the book was commonly laid from which the priest recited the prayers, kneeling on Whitsunday, and placed it in front of the holy gates. The officiating priest, with his violet velvet cap on his head, came down the altar steps and knelt down, stiffly; his example was imitated by the astonished congregation.

He was about to read the prayer, composed and distributed by the holy synod, beseeching God to deliver Russia from the foreign invasion.

“O Lord Almighty, O Lord Deliverer!” he began, in clear unemphatic tones, the voice of the Greek priesthood, which appeals so powerfully to Russian hearts — “We humbly implore Thy infinite mercy, trusting in Thy love. Hearken to our prayer and come and succor us! The enemy brings consternation on Thy children and would fain make the world a waste; rise Thou up against him! The wicked have contrived to destroy Thy land, and to bring Thy faithful Jerusalem, Thy beloved Russia, to nought, to defile Thy temples, upset Thy altars and profane Thy sanctuaries. How long, O Lord, shall the sinners triumph? How long shall they defy Thy laws? Lord hearken unto them that call upon Thee. Let Thine arm maintain our very pious autocrat Czar Alexander Paulovitch, and may his faithfulness and meekness find grace in Thine eyes. Reward his virtues, which are the bulwarks of Thy well-beloved Israel. Inspire and bless his resolutions, his undertakings and his deeds; strengthen his rule by Thy omnipotent hand, and give him the victory over his enemies, as Thou didst to Moses over Amalek, to Gideon over Madian, to David over Goliath! Protect his armies, uphold the bow of the Medes under the arms of those who have gone forth in Thy name, and gird them with Thy strength in the fight. Arm Thyself with the shield and lance and rise up and help us! Send down confusion on those who wish us evil so that

they may be scattered by the armies of the faithful even as the dust is scattered by the wind, and give Thy angels strength to disperse them and pursue them. Let their secret plots be turned against themselves in open day ; let them fall into the net that they have laid ; let them go down before Thy slaves that we may tread the foe under foot. Lord ! Thou canst save great and small, for Thou art God, and man can do nothing against Thee.

“ Lord God of our fathers ! Thy grace and mercy are everlasting ; turn not Thy face from us by reason of our iniquities, but vouchsafe to forgive our sins in the plenitude of Thy goodness. Create in us pure hearts and a righteous spirit ; strengthen our faith and hope ; inspire us with mutual love, and unite us in defending the inheritance that Thou hast given us and our fathers, to the end that the sceptre of the wicked may not rule in the land of the people which Thou hast blessed.

“ O Lord God, we trust in Thee ; let us not be confounded, nor our hope in Thy mercy be deceived. Give a sign that our enemies and the enemies of our holy religion may see, and be put to confusion and perish. Let the nations of the earth see and believe that Thy name is THE LORD and we are Thy children. Show Thy mercy upon us and deliver us. Send joy to the hearts of Thy slaves, strike our enemies and overthrow them under the feet of the faithful. For Thou art the help and the strength and the victory of those that trust in Thee.

“Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and forever and ever. Amen.”

Natacha, highly strung and agitated as she was already, was deeply moved by this prayer. She listened eagerly to the passages alluding to the victories of Moses, Gideon and David, and to the destruction of Jerusalem, and prayed with a fervent emotion, though hardly understanding what it was that she was asking of God. When it came to entreating for a pure spirit for herself, for confirmation of faith, for plenitude of hope and brotherly love, she put her soul into the petition; but how could she ask God to let her trample her enemies under foot, when, but a few minutes ago, she had only wished she had any, that she might love them and pray for them all? How, on the other hand, could she question the rightness of the prayer that the priest had just read on his knees? — Devout terror came over her as she thought of the punishments that come upon sinners; she prayed fervently for pardon, for them and for herself; and it seemed to her that God had heard her prayer, and that he would grant her peace and happiness in this world.

CHAPTER IX.

SINCE that night when Pierre had carried away the remembrance of Natacha's grateful eyes, — since that night when he had gazed at the comet blazing in space, a new horizon lay before him: the contemplation of human nothingness and folly ceased to fill his mind. The terrible and sinister problems which constantly rose up before him vanished as if by magic at *her* image. Whether he were talking, or listening to the most trivial matters, or hearing an account of some base action or monstrous absurdity, he did not feel terrified as he used; he had ceased to ask himself why men toiled and tormented themselves when life, in itself so short, led only to the unknown. — He pictured her as he had then seen her, and his doubts were dissipated; the thought of her lifted him up to an ideal and pure sphere where sinners and righteous were not, but only beauty and love, the sole final causes of existence. Whatever sordid and base deeds he might happen to see, he said to himself: "What does it matter to me if a man who has robbed the state and Czar is heaped with honors, since yesterday she smiled on me, she begged me to go there again to-day, since I love her—and not a soul will ever know it!"

Pierre still lived in the gay world, drank as hard as ever and led a perfectly idle life. But when the news

from the frontier became daily more alarming, when Natacha's health was much improved and ceased to give him the pressing anxiety which was the excuse for his constant visits, a dull irritability that had no visible cause took possession of him; a presentiment that some great change was coming into his life, that a catastrophe was imminent; and he sought with eager curiosity for some prophetic indications of it.

One of the brethren of his craft had pointed out to him a prophecy in the Apocalypse that had been applied to Napoleon. In chapter xiii, verse 18, it is written: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six." And at verse 5 we find: "And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months."

By collating these sums with the alphabet, regarding the first nine letters as units and the rest as tens, thus:

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n	o	p
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50	60
q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z					
70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160					

If the words "Le Empereur Napoléon" were constructed by the cipher, the sum total of the figures added together would be 666.* Hence Napoleon was

* 20, 5, 5, 30, 60, 5, 80, 5, 110, 80, — 40, 1, 60, 50, 20, 5, 50, 40.

the beast spoken of in the Apocalypse. Moreover, by adding the figures corresponding in the same cipher to the French words *quarante-deux* * (42) the period of years set for his power, the sum of 666 is again brought out, which indicated that the year 1812, as being the forty-second year of his age, would be the last of his rule.

This manner of divination captivated Pierre's fancy; he was constantly trying to guess what would put an end to the power of the Beast, otherwise called Napoleon; and he endeavored to calculate the answer to this mysterious question by this process. He worked at it with the words "*L'Empereur Alexandre*" and "*La Nation Russe*," but the added numbers did not give the fatal total. One day when he was puzzling, still without success, over his own name, changing the spelling and dropping the title, it struck him that in a prophecy of this kind his nationality ought to find mention; still he only made it 671 — 5 too many. This 5 represented the letter e; he dropped the e in the article and brought out *L'Russe Bésouhof*** the figures amounting to 666.

How and why should he be so directly connected with the great event foretold in the Revelation? Though he could not comprehend it, he never for a moment doubted the fact. His love for Natacha, the appear-

* 70, 110, 1, 80, 1, 40, 100, 5, — 4, 5, 110, 140.

** The letter of the Russian alphabet commonly written kh or ch — in Bésoukhof for instance — is more often pronounced like the German ch, a very sharp h.

ance of Antichrist, the advent of the comet, the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, the discovery of the sum 666 in his name and his own—all this concurrence of singular facts gave rise to a painful ferment in his soul which, when it should have reached its height, could not fail to snatch him forcibly from the futile life which weighed upon him, and lead him to accomplish some heroic action and attain some great happiness!

He had promised to carry the manifesto to the Rostows, so on that Sunday morning he went to call on Count Rostoptchine to ask him for a copy; there he met a courier who had that instant come from headquarters; he was an old acquaintance, and one of the most indefatigable dancers at the Moscow balls.

“Do me a service,” said his friend. “Help to deliver some of these letters.”

Pierre was willing; among them was one from Nicolas Rostow to his parents. Count Rostoptchine gave him a copy of the Emperor’s proclamation, and of the order of the day as forwarded from the army, with the last “bill of the play”* he himself had issued. As he glanced through the orders of the day and the lists of those killed, wounded or promoted Pierre observed the name of “Nicolas Rostow decorated with the order of St. George of the 4th class for his conduct at the affair of Ostrovna,” and, a few lines lower down, Bolkonsky’s appointment as colonel of the regiment of light horse. Anxious to let his friends have

* *Affiche* (placard) the name by which Count Rostoptchine’s proclamations were popularly known.

the good news of their son's splendid achievement as soon as possible, he at once sent off the letter and the order of the day, although Prince André's name figured on the same page; he would take the proclamations himself later.

His conversation with Rostoptchine, whose look of absorbed concentration betrayed deep anxiety—his friend the courier's thoughtless report of bad news from the army—a rumor that spies had been discovered in Moscow itself—an anonymous broadsheet that was passing from hand to hand, announcing that Napoleon intended to occupy both capitals before the autumn—and the expectation of the Czar, who was to arrive on the morrow—all contributed to keep Pierre's excitement at fever-heat; and it had been steadily increasing ever since the night of the comet when war had been proclaimed. But that he was a member of a society which preached perpetual peace, he would have taken active service without hesitation; even the sight of those Moscovites who had set the example, and who were *chauvins* to the last degree, though they made him feel half ashamed, would not have kept him from following their example. At the same time his passivity arose, in the first place, from a conviction that *L'Russe Bésuhof*, whose number was the same as that of the Beast, and who had been predestined from all eternity to the grand task of destruction, ought to be content to wait and watch for his coming.

The Rostows were accustomed to gather a few friends together to dine with them on Sunday, so

Pierre went somewhat early to be sure of finding them alone.

He had grown immensely stout during the last few months, and if he had not had a herculean frame, and consequently carried the weight of his bulky person with some ease, he would have looked positively monstrous. Puffing like a seal and murmuring something to himself, he mounted the stairs without being asked by his coachman whether he should wait, for the latter knew that his master never left the Rostows' before midnight. The servants hastened to help him to lay aside his cloak, hat and stick, which, by a habit he had acquired at the club, he always left in the anteroom.

The first person he saw was Natacha; or rather he heard her before he saw her, for she was practising *solfeggio* in the big drawing-room. Knowing that she had not been singing since her illness, he was both surprised and glad. He opened the door softly, and found her walking up and down the room as she sang; she still wore the lilac silk dress she had put on to go to mass in; when she got to the end of the room she turned, and finding herself suddenly face to face with Pierre's broad countenance, she blushed and came to meet him.

"I am trying to sing, you see. — It is something to do," she hastened to add, as if to excuse herself.

"And you are quite right to take it up again," replied Pierre.

"I am so glad to see you; I am so happy to-day," she went on as eagerly as before. "Nicolas has had

the cross of St. George given him, and I am so proud of him."

"I know it. It was I who sent you the order of the day. — But I am interrupting you; I will leave you and go to the sitting-room."

"Count," said Natacha detaining him, "am I wrong to sing?" And she colored deeply as she looked in his face.

"No, why should it be wrong? On the contrary. . . . But why should you ask me of all people?"

"I don't know," said Natacha speaking quickly. "But it would grieve me deeply to do anything you should not approve. I have absolute confidence in you. You cannot imagine how highly I value your opinion, or how much you have been to me! — I have seen," she went on, not noticing that Pierre was much embarrassed and reddening in his turn, "I saw *his* name in the order of the day: Bolkonsky" — but she spoke the name in a low voice as if she feared to lack strength for her whole confession — "Bolkonsky is in Russia again — in active service . . . Do you think he will ever forgive me? Do you think he will always, always think hardly of me? Tell me — do you think so?"

"I," said Pierre, "I think he has nothing to forgive. If I were in his place. . . ."

The same words of love and compassion that he had before spoken were rising to his tongue, but Natacha did not allow him to finish his sentence.

"You!" she cried. "Oh that is different! I do not know a better or a more generous man than you —

such a man does not exist ! If you had not helped and comforted me then, and now, still — I do not know what would have become of me !” Her eyes filled with tears, which she hid behind her music, and turning away abruptly she began her scales and her walk once more.

At this moment Pétia came running in ; he was now a pretty lad of fifteen, rosy-cheeked with rather thick, ruddy lips ; he was like Natacha. He was being prepared to enter the university ; but lately, and in secret, he had made up his mind among his comrades to be a hussar. He put his arms through that of his namesake to get him to discuss this great scheme, and begged him to tell him whether it were in any way possible. But the bigger Pierre listened so little that the boy was obliged to pull him by the sleeve to attract his attention.

“ I say, Pierre Kirilovitch, how is my business getting on ?”

“ Ah ! to be sure, you want to go into the hussars ?— Yes, I will mention it this very day.”

“ How d’you do, my dear fellow,” piped the count’s thin voice. “ Have you brought us the manifesto ? My little countess heard a new prayer this morning, at mass at the Rasoumovskys’, and says it is very fine.”

“ Here is the manifesto ; and the latest news is that the Czar will be here to-morrow. A meeting extraordinary of the nobility has been convened, and they talk of fresh levies of ten in every thousand. — And now, allow me to congratulate you.”

"Yes, indeed! God be thanked! — And what news from headquarters?"

"The army is still retiring, they have reached Smolensk already," replied Pierre.

"Dear me, dear me! — And the manifesto?"

"I forgot. . . ." And Pierre felt in all his pockets, but in vain, while he kissed the countess's hand as she came in, and still kept his eye on the door hoping to see Natacha reappear. "I really do not know where I have hidden it; I must have left it at home. I will run and see."

"But you will be late for dinner!"

"So I shall; all the more because my carriage has gone home."

Natacha now came in; her face wore a pathetic and softened look, and Pierre, still hunting for the manifesto, brightened at the sight of her; Sonia meanwhile had carried her search into the anteroom, and returned in triumph with the papers, which she had at last found carefully stuck into the lining of Bésoukhov's hat.

"We will read all that after dinner," said the count, who looked forward to it as to a great treat.

They had some champagne to drink to the health of the new Knight of St. George, and Schinchine brought all the gossip of the town: the old Princess of Georgia was ill, Métivier had made himself scarce, a hapless German had been taken by the populace for a French spy and seized, but Count Rostoptchine had released him.

"Yes, yes, they are all being taken up," said the count. "I have been advising the countess not to talk French. This is not the time for it."

"And do you know?" said Schinchine, "that Prince Galitzin's French tutor is learning Russian? It seems to be quite dangerous, by his account, to be heard speaking French in the streets."

"What about the militia, Count Pierre Kirilovitch; of course you will have to mount a horse?" said the count to Pierre, who was silent and thoughtful, and did not immediately understand what he was talking about.

"Ah! — The war. — To be sure. But I am no soldier you see And the whole business is so strange — so extraordinary, that I am quite at sea. My tastes indeed are anything rather than military; however, under the circumstances — there is no knowing!"

When dinner was over and the count settled comfortably in his arm-chair, he gravely requested Sonia, who was supposed to read aloud remarkably well, to read out the manifesto:

"To our chief capital, Moscow:

"The enemy has crossed the frontiers of Russia with an innumerable host, and is about to devastate our beloved country — etc., etc"

Sonia read on in her clear treble, and the old count listened with his eyes shut, groaning at certain passages. Natacha glanced enquiringly at her father and

Pierre by turns; Pierre, feeling her eyes on him, avoided looking her way; the countess jerked her head to express disapprobation at the more solemn passages in the proclamation, for to her they meant only one thing: that her son would be in danger, and that the danger would not be over for a long time to come. Schinchine, listening with a covert smile, was evidently preparing some epigram by the time Sonia should have done reading, on the old count's reflections, or on the manifesto itself, if nothing more obvious should come within range of his satire.

After reading the phrases relating to the danger that threatened Russia, to the hopes the Czar founded on Moscow and especially on its chivalrous nobility, Sonia, whose voice trembled a little from the consciousness of having an audience, came to the concluding sentence :

“We shall hasten to place our person in the midst of our people at Moscow our capital, or wherever else in our empire it may seem necessary to lead the deliberations and place ourself at the head of our forces—both of those which are now checking the advance of the enemy and of those which are about to be formed to strike at him wherever he shall intrude. May the woes with which he hopes to crush us be visited on him alone, and may Europe, freed from the yoke, glorify Russia !”

“Well said ! That is well said ! — Speak the word, Sire, and we will sacrifice all without a regret !”

exclaimed the count, opening his eyes which twinkled through tears; and he sniffed, as if he were smelling at a bottle of salts.

Natacha sprang up and threw her arms round her father's neck with such a flash of spirit that Schinchine dared not laugh at this patriotic outburst.

"Papa, you are splendid!" she exclaimed as she kissed him, and she glanced at Pierre with involuntary self-consciousness.

"Bravo! That is what I call a female patriot!" said Schinchine.

"Not at all," retorted Natacha indignant and offended. "You must always laugh at everybody and every thing; but this is too serious to be made game of."

"Made game of!" cried the count. "He has only to speak the word, one single word, and we shall rise in a mass. We are not Germans!"

"Did you observe," said Pierre, "that he said, 'to lead the deliberations . . .'"

Pétia, of whom no one was thinking, went up to his father.

"Now is the time," he began bashfully, and speaking in a voice that varied between roughness and shrillness, "to tell you, Papa and Mamma—it is as you choose of course, but . . . you really and positively must let me be a soldier because I cannot . . . I cannot . . . and there's an end of it!"

The countess raised her eyes to heaven and clasped her hands; then turning to her husband with an ill-

used air, she said : " Well, he has made a clean breast of it."

The count's excitement had suddenly calmed down :

" What next ?" he said. " What nonsense ! A pretty soldier on my word ! And first and foremost you must have learnt your lessons."

" It is not nonsense," persisted Pétia. " Fédia Abolensky is younger than I am and he is to be a soldier ; and as to learning lessons, I could never do it now, when" he hesitated and blushed up to the roots of his hair : " when the country is in danger."

" Come, come. Enough of this folly !"

" But, Papa, you yourself said you were ready to make any sacrifice ?"

" Pétia, be silent !" cried the count, glancing uneasily at his wife, who sat pale and trembling, and looking at her youngest born.

" But, Papa, I assure you — and Pierre Kirilovitch can tell you"

" And I tell you it is folly ! Why your nurse's milk is not dry on your lips, and you want to be a soldier ! — Folly, nonsense, I tell you . . ." And the count rose to go to his own room, taking the manifesto with him so as to get it well into his head before taking his afternoon nap. " Pierre Kirilovitch," he added, " come, and we will smoke."

Pierre, embarrassed and vacillating, was under the spell of Natacha's eyes in which he had never seen so bright a light as at this moment.

"Thank you very much — but I think I must go home."

"What! Home? Why, did you not mean to spend the evening with us? We so seldom see you now! — And that child" — added the count with perfect simplicity, "she never is so bright as when you are here."

"Yes — but the fact is, I forgot I have something that must be attended to, at home" Pierre murmured.

"If that is the case, *au revoir*," said the count, and he left the room.

"Why are you leaving? What is troubling you?" asked Natacha, looking Pierre straight in the face.

"Because I love you!" was what he could have said; but he stood in awkward silence, staring at the floor.

"Why? — Tell me, I entreat you?" said Natacha resolutely — but she broke off suddenly. Their eyes met with startled and conscious meaning.

Pierre vainly tried to smile: it was a painful and tremulous attempt; he kissed her hand and went away without speaking another word: he had made up his mind that he would never set foot in the house again.

CHAPTER X.

PÉTIA, after this repulse, shut himself into his room and shed many burning tears; however, none of the party noticed his red eyes when he reappeared at tea-time.

The Czar arrived next day. Some of the servants asked leave to go and see his progress through the town. Pétia took a long time dressing that morning, doing all he could to settle his collar and brush his hair like a grown-up man. Standing in front of his glass, he wriggled and grimaced, squaring his shoulders, and knitting his brows; at length, satisfied with his own appearance, he slipped out of the house by the back-stairs, without breathing a word of his plans to any one.

He had quite made up his mind: he would somehow and at any cost, get at the Czar. He would apply to one of the gentlemen-in-waiting — he supposed the Emperor to be always surrounded by dozens — would explain that he was Count Pierre Rostow; that, young as he was, he was fired with a desire to serve his country, and fifty other fine things which, in his opinion, ought to produce an irresistible effect on the gentleman in question. Although he relied to some extent for success on his baby face and the surprise it

would certainly excite, he tried nevertheless by the arrangement of his collar and his hair to give himself the importance of a grown man.

As he went through the streets, however, he got more and more interested in the sight of the crowd that was gathered round the walls of the Kremlin, and thought less of keeping up appearances as a man of mature age. He was obliged, too, to keep his elbows at work to save himself from being too much hustled. When he at last reached the Trinity gate the crowd, not aware of his patriotic intentions, drove him so effectually against the wall that he was forced to stand there, while the carriages, one after another, rolled through the vaulted archway. Close to Pétia, and, like him, penned fast by the crowd, were a fat woman of the lower class, a footman, and an old soldier. He was beginning to be impatient, and made up his mind to struggle forward, without waiting for the end of the line of vehicles, so he tried to release himself by giving his stout neighbor a vigorous elbow-thrust.

"Now there, young gentleman!" exclaimed the woman furiously. "Can't you see that no one is stirring. Where on earth do you want to poke your nose in?"

"Oh! if it comes to fighting for room, I'm your man!" added the footman, giving Pétia such a box on the ear that he sent him staggering into the corner, where the smells were worse than doubtful. The unlucky boy wiped his face which was streaming with perspiration and tried to set up his collar, but the heat

had taken out all its stiffness, and he wondered with dismay in his heart whether any chamberlain, seeing him in such a plight, would allow him to come within speech of the Emperor. He could not get out of that cursed alley and put himself to rights a little: he could, no doubt, have appealed for rescue to a general who was a friend of his parents, and who had just passed him in his carriage; but that, he thought, would have been undignified in a man, and whether or no, there was nothing for it now but resignation to his sad fate.

At last the crowd surged forward, carrying Pétia with it as far as the great square, which also was full of starers. They thronged every spot, even the roofs of the houses. Having got there, he could hear the frenzied pealing of bells, and the confused roar of the human tide that flooded every nook and corner of the vast space.

Suddenly every hat was in the air and the mass of people swayed forward. Pétia, squeezed almost flat, and deafened by the thunder of cheers, vainly tried by standing on tiptoe, to see the cause of the excitement.

He saw all round him beaming or agitated faces; close to him stood a market-woman, her cheeks bathed in tears: "My little father! My angel!" she cried, wiping her eyes with her hand.

The crowd, checked for an instant, now moved on again. Pétia caught the infection and entirely lost his head. Pushing and fighting right and left, he shouted hurrah! with the rest, and was ready to be the death of his neighbors who, on their part, returned his blows

with interest, cheering and yelling at the top of their voices.

"This is the Czar then," thought he. "How could I ever have dreamed of speaking to him myself. — It would be too audacious!" Nevertheless he went on fighting his way, and at last he could see, just ahead, an open space spread with red cloth. The mob, checked in front by the police, at this point ebbed again. The Czar was coming out of the palace to go to the church of the Assumption. At this instant some one dealt Pétia such a blow in the ribs that he fell back fainting. When he came to his senses he found himself supported by a priest, apparently a sacristan, whose head was bald all but a lock of grey hair that hung down the back of his neck; this unknown friend held him up on one arm, and with the other was trying to protect him against the pushing of the throng.

"Here! a young nobleman has been crushed," he kept saying: "Take care — look out — he is crushed to death I believe!"

When the Emperor was lost to view within the church-porch, the crowd loosened, and the sacristan managed to get Pétia as far as the great cannon known as the Czar; there he was again almost stifled by the dense press of people who took pity on him, some unbuttoning his coat, while some hoisted him up on to the block of stone on which the gun stood, and showered abuse on those who had handled him so roughly. Pétia soon recovered; his color came back, and the brief discomfort had procured him a post of

vantage on the plinth of the cannon. From thence he hoped that he might see the Czar; but he had forgotten his petition; he had but one wish: to see *him*. — Then, and not until then, could he be happy.

During high mass, with a *Te Deum* in honor of his Majesty's return and the peace with Turkey, the crowd perceptibly thinned: the sellers of *kvass*, gingerbread, and poppy-seed — which Pétia liked best of all — began to wander about, and groups collected here and there in the open square. A woman stood lamenting a rent in her shawl and expatiating on its cost, while another was declaring that silks ere long would be at ruinous prices. Pétia's deliverer, the sacristan, was disputing with a civil functionary as to who was assisting his Eminence in performing the services. Two young fellows, munching filberts, were laughing with a couple of girls. But to all these various conversations, which at any other time would have been extremely interesting to Pétia — especially that of the four young people — he now turned a deaf ear. Perched on the stone block, all his thoughts were merged in devotion to his sovereign; the impulse of passionate loyalty which had supervened on the panic and physical pain he had gone through, lent solemn emotion to this hour of his life.

Suddenly the roar of cannon was heard from the quay. The crowd rushed off to see where and how they were being fired, and Pétia would have followed, but the sacristan who had taken him in hand would not allow it. The cannon were still thundering when a

party of officers, generals, and gentlemen-in-waiting, hurried out of the church: every one took off their hats, and the gapers who had been running to the quay ran back again. Then four officers in splendid uniforms, blazing with stars, made their appearance.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd yelled and bel-
lowed.

"Where is he? Which is he?" asked Pétia breath-
lessly, but he got no answer. No one could attend. So he fixed his eyes—so full of tears that he could scarcely see—on one of the magnificent four, and with all the vehemence of his young enthusiasm shouted a tremendous hurrah, vowing to himself that in spite of every obstacle he would be a soldier.

The crowd closed up behind the Emperor and, when he disappeared into the palace, slowly broke up. By this time it was late. Though Pétia had had no food and the perspiration streamed down his face, he never thought of going home; he took up a position among a small group of idlers in front of the palace; he would wait for what might happen though he had no clear idea of what it could be, and he gazed with envy not only at the dignitaries who arrived in carriages to take their place at the Imperial table, but even at the men in uniform whom he could see passing to and fro behind the windows, to wait upon them.

During the banquet Valouïew, looking out on the square, observed to his Majesty that the people of the city were waiting outside, and seemed to be anxious that he should show himself once more. When dinner

was over the Czar, who was still eating a biscuit, came out on the balcony. The crowd hailed him at once, shouting as loud as they could: "Our Father! Our Angel! Hurrah!" And the women, and even the men, and Pétia too, shed tears of devotion. A piece of the biscuit the Czar held in his hand broke off and fell between the iron work of the balcony on to the ground at a coachman's feet; the man picked it up and those standing near him fell upon the happy possessor to snatch a share. The Emperor, seeing this, had a large dish of biscuits brought out and threw them down one by one. Pétia's eyes were almost starting out of his head, and in spite of his fear of again being crushed he, too, rushed forward to catch one of the cakes that the Czar's fingers had touched. Why? — He did not know, but he felt that he must. He ran, upset an old woman who was on the point of seizing one, and though she screamed desperately, got it before her; then he set up a wild hurrah, but alas! in a very hoarse voice.

The Czar withdrew and the people dispersed.

"You see it was worth waiting for," said one and another, fully content, as they went away.

Happy as he was, Pétia did not like to go home and feel that the day's enjoyment was over. So he went off to his friend Obolensky, who was of his own age, and about to join the army. Finally, however, he was obliged to go home, and he no sooner got in than he solemnly told his parents that if they did not consent to his wishes he should run away. The old count

had to give way ; but before giving his formal sanction he went next day to enquire from competent authorities how and where he could send him on service without exposing him to unnecessary danger.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the morning of the 15th of July, three days after the Emperor's arrival, a crowd of carriages were drawn up in front of the Hotel Slobodski. The reception-rooms within were thronged: in one the nobility were assembled; in another the merchants who had been decorated with orders. The former was full of excitement: the most notable of the Moscow aristocracy were seated on high-backed chairs, round a table over which hung a full-length portrait of the Czar Alexander; others were walking up and down the room in eager conversation. Though their uniforms resembled each other in type, many of them dated from the reigns of Peter the Great, others from those of Catherine and Paul, while others were of recent make; and this gave a motley appearance to the party, most of whom Pierre knew more or less well, having met them at the club or at their own houses. The elders especially were strange to look upon: toothless, or blind, and bald; clumsily fat, or as lean and parched as mummies, they sat silent and motionless, or, if they rose to move, always ran up against some one. Their faces wore the most various expressions; some looked anxiously expectant of some great and solemn event; some beatifically smiling at the remembrance of the last game they

won at boston, or of the good dinner Pétroucha the cook had sent up, or of some other no less important detail of daily life.

Pierre, who had got into his court uniform with no small difficulty, as it was too tight for him, was pacing the room in the greatest agitation. The convocation simultaneously of the nobles and the merchant class — real states-general — had revived in his mind his old opinions as to the *contrat social* and the French revolution; for, though he had for a long time ceased to think of them, they were not the less deeply implanted in his soul. The words of the manifesto, in which the Czar had said that he was coming to deliberate with his people, confirmed him in his views, and it was with a firm conviction that the reform he had so long hoped for was about to come to pass, that he listened to what was being said by others; though he could trace no echo there of his own ideas.

The manifesto had been read and hailed with enthusiasm and the meeting separated to talk matters over. Besides the usual subjects of conversation Pierre heard a discussion as to the places reserved for the marshals of the nobility on the occasion of his Majesty's arrival, a ball to be given in his honor, the advantages of division into governments or into districts, and so forth; but as soon as the war was mentioned — the real object of the meeting — every one seemed vague or bewildered, or for the most part, lapsed into prudent silence.

A middle-aged man in the uniform of a retired

navy captain was talking in a loud voice to a group, including Pierre, that had gathered round him to hear what he had to say. Count Ilia Andréïévitch, in his caftan of the time of the Empress Catherine, moved about smiling and recognizing many of his friends. He, too, paused to listen to the orator with much satisfaction, signifying his approval by nodding his head. It was easy to see from the faces of his audience that the speaker was bold in his utterances; the more peaceful or timid presently dropped away, slightly shrugging their shoulders. Pierre, on the contrary, found a flavor of liberalism in his speech, differing no doubt from that which he himself professed, but which nevertheless pleased his ear. The navy man spoke with a burr, and the ring of his voice, though it was rich and melodious, betrayed familiarity with the pleasures of the table and a habit of command.

“What can it matter to us,” he said, “that the inhabitants of Smolensk have offered to levy a force of militia for the Czar? Does their vote make a law for us? If the nobility of Moscow thinks it necessary, it has other means of displaying its devotion. We have not yet forgotten the calling out of the militia in 1807.—Thieves and swindlers were the only persons who benefited by it.” Count Rostow stood smiling bland assent.

“Have the militia ever done the country any service, I ask you? None. — They destroy our fields and that is all they do. Recruiting is far preferable; in any other way what you get is neither a peasant nor

a soldier, it is unmitigatedly corrupt! The nobility does not bargain over life; we will all go out if we are required and take recruits with us, the Czar has only to speak the word and we will all die for him!" the speaker ended with an energetic flourish.

Count Rostow, highly excited, nudged Pierre with his elbow, and Pierre, burning to speak, stepped forward, though not knowing precisely what he had to say. He had not time to begin, before an old senator, with a look of keen intelligence, took up the parable with the irascible determination of a man inured to debate and to presiding over discussions: he spoke quietly but very distinctly.

"I believe, Sir," he began, "that we have met not to decide whether it will be most in the interest of the Empire to levy recruits or to add to the militia What we have to do is to respond to the proclamation our Sovereign has done us the honor of addressing to us, and to leave it to his supreme authority to decide between recruiting and"

But Pierre interrupted him. He found an outlet for his excitement in the indignation he felt at the speaker's narrow and too legal views of the functions of the nobility; without stopping to consider the full import of his own words, he began talking with feverish vehemence, larding his discourse with French phrases and literary language.

"Pray excuse me, Excellency," he said, addressing the senator; he knew him intimately, but thought it proper to assume an official tone. "Though I cannot

share the views of the gentleman" — he hesitated : he was longing to call him " the honorable gentleman opposite " but he went on, " whom I have not the advantage of knowing, I imagine that the nobility are invited not merely to express their sympathy and patriotism, but also to deliberate on such measures as may prove beneficial to the country. I believe, too, that the Czar himself would be ill-pleased to find that we regarded ourselves merely as owners of peasants whom we could bring in our train as '*chair à canon*' * when he has appealed to us for support and advice."

Several of the bystanders, startled at such daring, and frightened by the senator's contemptuous smile, dropped out of the circle, and Rostow alone approved of Pierre's speech, it being his way to be always ready to agree with the last speaker.

" Before discussing such questions," Pierre went on, " we should do well to ask the Czar, with all respect, to inform us of the exact number of our troops and the state of our armies ; then"

But he got no further. He was loudly interrupted on three sides at once, and had to break off at this point. The most determined of his opponents was a certain Etienne Stépanovitch Adraccine, often his partner at boston, and very much his friend when a game of cards was in hand ; but not like himself at all to-day, whether by reason of his uniform, or perhaps because he seemed furiously angry.

* *Meat for the cannon.* A famous saying of the first Napoleon's.

“Allow me to point out to you,” he began with some violence, “that we have no right to make any such request. And even if the Russian nobility had the right, the Czar could not answer the question, since the movements of our army must depend on those of the enemy, and the number of our soldiers on the exigencies of tactics”

“It is not a time for discussion, we must act,” another man threw in — a man known to Pierre as having met him among the gypsies; this gentleman’s reputation indeed was anything rather than fair, but he, too, was completely metamorphosed by his uniform. “The war is actually in Russia; the foe is marching down to devastate our country, to desecrate the tombs of our fathers, to carry away our women and children” — here the orator struck his breast. — “We will rise as one man to defend the Czar our father. We Russians are not the men to grudge our blood in the defence of our faith, of the throne, and of the country! If we are the true children of our beloved native land, let us have no more of dreaming. We will show Europe how Russia can rise and fight as one man!”

This orator was warmly applauded, and Count Ilia Andréievitch again was one of those whose demonstrations of approval were loudest.

Pierre was anxious to be allowed to say that he, too, was prepared to make any sacrifice, but that above all it was most important to know how things really stood before the remedy could be applied. But they would not give him a hearing; they shouted and interrupted

him again and again ; some even turned their backs as if he were the common foe ; they formed into knots that broke up and reformed, all talking at once ; the excitement was indescribable. It did not arise, as might have been supposed, from the irritation produced by Pierre's words, which were by this time forgotten, but from that instinctive craving which incites a crowd to find a visible and tangible object on which to vent its hatred or admiration. Consequently the hapless Pierre now became the object of general aversion. Several speeches, some full of point and very well expressed, were made after that of the retired seaman, and were heartily applauded.

Glinka, the editor of a newspaper — *Le Messager Russe* — declared that "hell alone could fight against hell. — We must not be content," said he "to stand like children, smiling at the lightning and the pealing of the thunder."

"Hear, hear ! That is the way to put it. We must not sit smiling at the thunder and lightning !" was echoed through the whole audience to the remotest corner, with noisy acclamation ; while the old nobles seated round the table looked at each other and at their neighbors, their vacant faces betraying nothing but that they found the room dreadfully hot. Pierre, painfully agitated, felt that he had gone on the wrong tack, but he did not therefore give up his convictions. His anxiety to set himself right, and still more to show that at this tremendous juncture he, too, was prepared to do all that was required of him, prompted him to make a

last effort to be heard: "I said," he began again as loud as he could, "that it would be easier to make sacrifices when we knew what was needed. . . ." But no one would listen, and his voice was drowned in the general tumult. One little old man only leaned forward to attend to what he was saying, but he turned away again, attracted at what was being said on the opposite side.

"Yes, Moscow must be saved! — Moscow will be our bulwark! . . ."

"He is the foe of the human race. . ."

"I insist on being heard. . . ."

"Pray take care, gentlemen, you are crushing me completely. . . ." was to be heard on all sides.

At this moment Count Rostoptchine came into the room, in his general's uniform with a ribbon across his shoulder, and the crowd at once made way. Keen eyes and a strongly-moulded chin were the characteristic features of his face.

"His Majesty is now coming," he said. "I think that under the circumstances there is no time to waste in debating: the Emperor has condescended to invite us to meet him — us and the great merchants of the city. Millions of roubles are waiting for him there. . . ." and he nodded in the direction of the room where the merchants were sitting. "And on our part we ought to propose to call out the militia and not spare ourselves. It is the least we can do."

The old lords, sitting round their table, held consulta-

tion in an undertone; groups again formed and discussed it, and then each gave his vote.

"I agree," said one.

"I am of the same opinion," said another, not to repeat his neighbor's words; and the thin voices of the old men, distinctly audible one by one in the silence that had succeeded the tumult, had a strange, almost a melancholy effect. Then the secretary was desired to write out the following resolution: "The nobility of Moscow, following the example of those of Smolensk, offer a contingent of one man in every thousand, fully equipped."

The elders rose as if they were thankful to have got rid of a heavy anxiety, pushing back their chairs with a good deal of noise and stretching their stiff old legs; each seized on the first acquaintance he happened to meet, and taking his arm, proceeded to walk about the room, talking of indifferent matters.

"The Czar! The Czar!" was presently the cry, and they rushed to the entrance. His Majesty walked down the large room between two closely-packed ranks of men, all bowing low with a mixed expression of veneration, curiosity and anxiety. Pierre heard the Emperor's description of the danger that threatened the state, and his expressions of confidence in his faithful nobles. Then the resolution just passed by the nobles was communicated to his Majesty.

"Gentlemen," said Alexander in a broken voice, "I never doubted the devotion of the Russian nobility, but this day it has surpassed my expectations. I thank you

in the name of our beloved country. Gentlemen, let us act in concert — time is precious!" He broke off and the assembly gathered round him with enthusiastic cheers.

"Yes, yes. That is the point. — There is nothing so precious as the word of the Sovereign!" repeated old Count Rostow through his tears; but he had hardly heard and put his own interpretation on everything.

The Czar then proceeded to the next room where the merchants were expecting him; he stayed there about ten minutes. Pierre saw him come out with tears of emotion in his eyes; he heard afterwards that he had actually wept and ended his address in a choked voice. Two of the merchants came in with him; one of them Pierre knew; he was a great contractor for brandy; the other was the mayor, a lean, yellow-faced man with a peaked beard. Both were in tears; the burly contractor especially fairly sobbed as he said: "Our lives, our fortunes, — command them all, Sire!"

Pierre himself was possessed by one idea: his wish to prove that he was ready and glad to make any sacrifice; he reproached himself bitterly for his constitutional speech and was only anxious to efface the impression it had left. Hearing that Count Mamonow was prepared to levy a regiment, he then and there announced to Count Rostoptchine that he would furnish a thousand men and provide for their maintenance.

Count Rostow went home and wept as he told the countess all that had passed; then, finally giving his

consent to Pétia's desire, he went to put his name down on the list of the hussar regiment.

The Czar left Moscow the next day. The Moscow nobles packed away their court uniforms, and settled back into their ordinary habits and places at home or at the club, giving orders to their various stewards to take the necessary measures for supplying men to the militia, — not without some groaning and wondering themselves at the liberality of their promises.

CHAPTER XII.

WHY did Napoleon make war on Russia? Because the Fates had decreed that he should go to Dresden; that he should have his head turned by flattery; that he should put on a Polish uniform; that he should feel the subtle intoxication of a fine June morning; and finally, that he should allow himself to fly into a passion, first before Kourakine, and next before Balachow.

Alexander, feeling that he had been personally insulted, refused to negotiate; Barclay de Tolly devoted all his care to the conduct of the army, intending to do his duty and to win a reputation as a great commander; Rostow, as we know, had rushed down upon the French because he had found the temptation to a mad canter across an open plain irresistible — and thus it was that each in his degree, and in accordance with his natural disposition, habits and ambitions, played his part in this memorable war. Their alarms, their vanities, their joys, their criticisms — all the impulses that arose from what they believed to be their free will, were the unconscious instruments of History, and contributed, though they knew it not, to a result of which the magnitude is only now appreciable. And this is always the lot of the active agents of history, who are less free in fact, in proportion as their social rank is higher.

The men of 1812 have vanished from the scene ; their personal interests have left no mark ; only the historical effects of that time are now visible, and we can see how Providence led each individual, acting from his own point of view, to coöperate to a colossal end, of which certainly neither Alexander nor Napoleon had the faintest preconception.

It would be idle at this day to speculate on the immediate causes of the disasters of the French : on one hand there were, obviously, their invasion of Russia too late in the year and the total lack of any preparation for a winter campaign ; on the other, the aspect given to the war by the virulent hatred of the foe to which the Russians were worked up, and the destruction by fire of their own towns. An army of 800,000 men, one of the finest the world has ever seen, commanded by the most brilliant leader, and led against an enemy of not half the strength under inexperienced generals, evidently could not have succumbed to any but these two causes. But what we now see so clearly was not understood by contemporaries, and the struggles of the Russians and of the French themselves all tended to nullify their chances of escape.

The writers of certain French histories of the year 1812 have taken elaborate pains to prove that Napoleon was fully aware of the risk he was running in undertaking this expedition, and in dispersing his troops over the plains of Russia ; that he was anxious to fight a pitched battle ; that his marshals besought him not to go beyond Smolensk, etc., etc. Russian authors, on the

other hand, dwell with no less emphasis on the scheme which, as they say, was laid down from the first for decoying Napoleon—after the manner of the Scythians—into the very heart of the empire; and to support the statement they bring forward a goodly array of hypotheses and inferences from the facts and events themselves. But these theories obviously belong to the category of untrustworthy hearsay which the historian cannot rely upon without neglecting the truth; and indeed the facts, as they stand, contradict them.

For what is the first state of things as we see them? The Russian armies cannot communicate; they are striving to combine, though that combination can secure them no benefit—especially if the object is to tempt the foe into the interior; the camp on the Drissa is fortified in obedience to Pfuhl's views, with the evident intention of holding it; the Czar is with the army, certainly not to lead a retreat, but to encourage the soldiers by his presence, and to defend every inch of ground against foreign encroachment—nay, he vehemently reproaches the general, who steadily continues to retire. How then is it to be supposed that he ever for a moment imagined that Moscow would be set on fire, or that the enemy had already entered Smolensk?—Then his indignation breaks out when he learns that no pitched battle has been fought, though the armies have succeeded in effecting a junction, and that Smolensk has been taken and burnt. The troops and the people are no less infuriated by this unswerving retreat;—and all this time events take their course, not hap-hazard

nor yet by virtue of a deep-laid plan, which no one believes in, but as the outcome of intrigues, ambitions, and efforts of the most opposite kinds, in the hands of men who act only for their own ends or without any ends at all. — What, in fact, is actually being done? In the hope of uniting the armies before being forced to fight, the Russians try to concentrate themselves on Smolensk, closely followed by the French. The manœuvre fails, because Barclay is a German and unpopular, because Bagration, who commands the second division, hates him and refuses to put himself under the command of a man who is his junior in the service, and so delays the junction of the forces as long as possible. Then the Czar's presence, instead of rousing enthusiasm foments discord, and nullifies all unity of action; Paulucci, whose ambition is to be made general, gains influence over him; Pfuhl's scheme is abandoned and the chief command is given to Barclay de Tolly, though, at the same time, his authority is limited, as he does not inspire implicit confidence. As a result of these squabbles at headquarters and of the commander-in-chief's unpopularity, it is impossible to fight a decisive engagement, and while this gives rise to much general annoyance, with a hatred of all Germans, it rouses patriotism to frenzy.

Matters were in this state when the Czar withdrew from the army on the pretext — the best that could be put forward — of fanning the enthusiasm of the two great capitals to a white heat, and his unexpected visit to Moscow certainly contributed very greatly to the

organization of national resistance. Although the Czar was gone, the commander-in-chief's position became daily more critical; Benningsen, the grand-duke, and a whole swarm of generals hung on his heels to watch his proceedings, and, at need, to keep him up to the mark; but Barclay de Tolly, feeling himself more and more under the constant surveillance of "the Czar's eyes," waxed all the more cautious and avoided giving battle. This prudence was severely blamed by the Czarevitch, who even went so far as to hint at treason, and presently insisted on a pitched battle. Lubomirsky, Bronnitzky, Vlotzky and others made so much noise about the matter that Barclay, under the pretence of important despatches to be delivered to the Czar, sent away the Polish generals one by one and then boldly defied the grand-duke and Benningsen.

Finally, in spite of Bagration's opposition, the armies combined at Smolensk. Bagration arrived in his carriage at the house occupied by Barclay de Tolly, who put on his scarf to receive him and to report progress to his senior officer. Bagration, in a fit of patriotic abnegation, expressed his entire submission to Barclay, which did not, however, prevent his entertaining opinions diametrically opposed to those of the commander-in-chief. He put himself into direct correspondence with the Czar, by his Majesty's desire, and wrote as follows to Araktchéïew:

"In spite of my Sovereign's command I cannot remain any longer with the minister" — as he chose to designate Barclay: "for God's sake, send me

away, no matter where; give me only a regiment to command, but get me out of this; headquarters swarm with Germans who make life unendurable to the Russians; the whole thing is an utter mess. I fancied I was to serve the Emperor and the country, but as it is I serve no one but Barclay, and that, I frankly confess, I refuse to do." Bronnitsky, Wintzingerode and the rest still sowed dissension between the commanders-in-chief and thus prevented all unity of action. Preparations were made, nevertheless, to attack the French before Smolensk; a general was sent to reconnoitre the position but he, being inimical to Barclay, spent the day with a regimental colonel, and when he returned criticised the field of battle which he had not even seen.

While all this intriguing and discussion was going on over the position where the battle was to be fought, and while the Russians were trying to find out where the French were, the enemy had fallen upon Névérovsky's division and fought their way to the very walls of Smolensk. This left the Russians no choice; to save their communications they had to fight, whether they liked it or no. The battle was fought; thousands were slain on both sides and Smolensk was evacuated, in spite of the Czar's commands and the will of the nation! The town was set on fire by the inhabitants who had been cheated and deceived by the governor. Ruined and desperate, they made their way to Moscow, there to set an example to their brethren and stir up their hatred of the enemy. All this while the Rus-

sian army was retreating, and Napoleon advancing in triumph, never suspecting the danger which hung over him ; — and, thus, against all expectation, was his ruin brought about, and the salvation of Russia.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE day after Prince André's departure, Prince Bolkonsky sent for his daughter :

"Now I hope you are satisfied: you have made me quarrel with André, which was what you wanted. As for me, I am saddened and grieved; I am old, weak and lonely.... But that is what you wished.... Go away!"

He sent her out of his room, and it was more than a week before she saw him again, for he fell ill and did not leave his study. Princess Marie observed to her great surprise that Mlle. Bourrienne was no longer in and out as of old; her father would be attended by no one but old Tikhone.

At the end of a week he was convalescent, and fell into his regular routine once more, looking after his building and his gardens; but his intimacy with Mlle. Bourrienne had ceased entirely. Though he was, as usual, cold and distant to his daughter, he seemed to express by his conduct: "You vilified me to André, you made me quarrel with him about this French-woman; now you may see that I want nobody — not her any more than you."

Princess Marie spent a part of each day with her little nephew, listening to his lessons, giving him some

herself, and talking with Dessalles; the rest of her time she devoted to reading, chatting with the old nurse and with her pilgrims, who still came to see her up the back-stairs.

She thought of the war as women think of such things: that is to say she was anxious for her brother, and deplored the cruelty of men who slaughter each other; but she attached no more importance to this war than to those that had preceded it. Dessalles, who watched its progress with keen interest, now and then expressed his views of it, and kept her up to the latest intelligence. The pilgrims, too, confided to her all their terrors, telling her their version of the myth of Napoleon's being Antichrist; and the fair Julie, now Princess Droubetzkoï, wrote her letters full of effusive patriotism.

"I must write to you in Russian, my dear friend, for I hate the French and their language, which I cannot even bear to hear spoken. We are now at Moscow, and everybody is in a state of indescribable enthusiasm for our beloved Emperor. My poor husband has to endure hunger and privations, in filthy holes full of nothing but Jews, and my letters from him add to my excitement.

"You have heard no doubt of Raïevsky's heroism — embracing his two sons and saying: 'I will die with you, but we will not give way!' And though the enemy were twice as strong, we did not give way! We pass our time here as best we may and make the best of a bad business. Princesses Aline and

Sophie come to see me every day, and we three poor 'grass widows' talk of edifying subjects as we ravel out lint. You, alone, my dear Marie, are wanting," and so forth.

If Princess Marie had no adequate idea of the vital importance of the events that were going forward, the fault was her father's; he never spoke of them, but affected to know nothing about them, and would laugh at Dessalles and his sensational news, when they met at dinner. His cool and indifferent tone gave his daughter blind confidence, and without thought she accepted everything he told her.

The old man was full of energy and activity. During the month of July he planned a garden and laid the first stone of a new house for his numerous retainers. Still, one symptom distressed Princess Marie; he hardly slept at all and changed his room night after night: he would have his camp-bed placed in the gallery, or even in the dining-room, or sometimes he would sleep in an arm-chair in the drawing-room, lulled by the voice of Pétroucha, the young servant who now filled Mlle. Bourrienne's place as his reader.

On the first of August he received a letter from André, who had already written once to beg his forgiveness, asking him to forget all he had dared to say to him; and the old prince had sent him a few affectionate lines in reply. In this second letter Prince André gave him a detailed account of the occupation of Vitebsk by the French, and of the events of the campaign, of which he sketched the plan with all the

issues it might ultimately entail; and he ended by urgently entreating him to retire from the scene of the impending struggle — which was getting nearer every day to Lissy-Gory — and to move at once to Moscow."

Dessalles, who had just heard that the French were at Vitebsk, announced it at dinner to the old prince, thus reminding him of his son's letter.

"I had a letter from Prince André this morning," he said to his daughter. "Have you read it?"

"No, Father," she said timidly. How indeed could she have read the letter when she did not even know of its existence.

"He writes about this war," her father went on, with the scornful smile he always put on when he alluded to the subject.

"It must be extremely interesting," said Dessalles. "The prince of course is fully informed . . ."

"Of course," cried Mlle. Bourrienne.

"Go and fetch it," said the prince. "It is on my little table under the paper-weight."

Mlle. Bourrienne rose with eager haste.

"No, no," he said frowning. "Do you go, Michael Ivanovitch . . ."

Michael Ivanovitch obeyed, but he had scarcely left the room when the prince got up impatiently, and throwing his napkin on the table, he muttered: "He never can find anything; he will turn all my papers topsy-turvy!" and he hurried after him.

Princess Marie, Mlle. Bourrienne and Little Nicolas looked at each other, but said nothing, and presently the old man returned followed by Michael Ivanovitch. He had in his hand the letter and the plan of the new buildings; he laid them by his plate and finished his dinner without reading the letter.

When they had gone into the drawing-room he gave it to his daughter, who, after reading it aloud, looked at her father; but he affected to be absorbed in his plans and to have heard nothing.

"What do you think of it all, Prince?" asked Dessalles.

"I — I?" said the prince sharply, without looking up.

"The scene of war may come quite close to us," Dessalles went on.

"Ha! ha! ha! The scene of war? I have said already, and I say it again, the scene of war is in Poland, and the enemy will never come beyond the Niemen."

Dessalles looked at him blankly: the Niemen! When the enemy had already reached the Dnieper. No one but the princess, who had forgotten her geography, could accept her father's statement.

"When the snows melt they will all be swallowed up in the Polish swamps. Benningsen ought to have marched into Prussia long ago; matters would have turned out very differently," he went on; his mind evidently was running on the campaign of 1807.

"But, Sir," said Dessalles more timidly than before,

"in this letter — we hear that Vitebsk is in the hands of the French"

"In the letter? — Ah! yes, to be sure" and his face clouded. "To be sure, he writes The French were beaten, somewhere — I forget where near some river."

Dessalles looked down :

"Prince André does not mention that," he said gently.

"Does not mention it? — I did not invent it, that is quite certain."

After this there was a spell of silence.

"Well, well, Michael Ivanovitch," said the old man suddenly, "explain to me how you propose to remedy this error in our plan."

Michael Ivanovitch needed no second bidding, and the prince, after listening for a few minutes, left the room with an angry glare at Dessalles and his daughter. Princess Marie caught a look of pained astonishment on the tutor's face, but she dared not ask him the cause of it, or even guess at it. The much discussed letter was left on the drawing-room table; Michael Ivanovitch came to ask for it in the course of the evening. Princess Marie gave it to him; and though the question was, she felt, an awkward one, she asked what her father was doing.

"Oh! he is very busy," replied the architect with a polite but sardonic smile that chilled her blood. "He is very full of the house-building he read a little, and now he is rummaging in his desk Very

likely he is making his will." For some time past the prince had found a favorite occupation in arranging the papers which were to see light after his death.

"And he is sending Alpatitch to Smolensk, did you say?" asked she.

"Yes. Alpatitch is ready to start and is only waiting for orders."

The architect found his patron seated in front of his bureau in a rather theatrical attitude, with his spectacles on, and a shade over his eyes. He held in his hand a large paper book, in which he was reading over his "Notes" — as he called the document which was to be sent to the Czar after his death; the remembrance of the time when he had written them had brought tears into his eyes. He took his son's letter and slipped it into his pocket; then he sent for Alpatitch and gave him his instructions:

"First of all," he said, looking through the list of things that he wanted from Smolensk, "you are to buy me eight reams of letter-paper, do you hear, eight reams, gilt-edged like this pattern; some sealing-wax, and some varnish; — then give my letter to the governor in person," and while he talked he never ceased walking up and down. Then he told him not to forget the locks for the new house, to be made on a pattern of his own invention, and a large paper-case, to contain his will, and his "Notes." He had been talking for about two hours when he suddenly sat down, closed his eyes, and fell asleep for a minute; but he was roused by Alpatitch who moved to leave the room:

“Very well,” he said. “Go now; if I want anything more I will send for you.”

Then he went back to his desk, arranged his papers neatly, and sat down to write the letter to the governor. By the time he had written and sealed it, it was growing late; he was succumbing to fatigue and sleep; but he felt that he should not be able to rest, but that melancholy thoughts would keep him awake as soon as he was in bed. He called Tikhone and went round the rooms with him to make up his mind where he would have his bed placed for the night. Every corner was looked at and measured, but no spot could be found to suit him; his usual place, particularly, he could not endure to think of; he seemed afraid of it, perhaps by reason of the nightmares he had suffered from there. At length, after much deliberation, he decided on having it made up in the drawing-room, in a space between the wall and the piano where he had never yet slept. Tikhone was ordered to put the little camp-bed there, and did so at once with the help of one of the men-servants.

“Not like that — not so!” cried the old man, pulling it to him, and pushing it about.

“Well, perhaps I shall get a little rest,” and he allowed his faithful attendant to undress him.

Having got out of his coat and trousers with some difficulty, he sat down on the bed and seemed lost in the contemplation of his withered, yellow shanks. He paused and hesitated before making the final effort to raise them and stretch them out. “Good God! what

a weight," he muttered. "Why do you not make a quicker end of me, '*vous autres*,'—of me and my miseries? Why can't you let me go? . . ." At last, with a deep sigh, he got his legs up in front of him. But he had no sooner lain down than the bed began to shake and rock under him; it almost seemed as though the thing were alive and moving itself; this was the case almost every night. The prince opened his eyes which he had just closed.

"No rest, no rest, curse them all!" he exclaimed in a rage, as if he were anathematizing some one. — "But was not there something of importance that I put aside to think of at my leisure in bed? — The locks? No, I have ordered them. It was not that. What was it that I forgot just now when Princess Marie and that idiot Dessalles were talking such nonsense? — Something — and then I think I put something in my pocket. After that? — I cannot remember. — Tikhone, here; what were we talking about at dinner?"

"Of Prince André . . .?"

"That will do, hold your tongue . . . I know, my son's letter. Yes, Princess Marie read it, and Dessalles was speaking of Vitebsk — I will read it now."

He had it brought to him and made Tikhone place the little table on which his lemonade and his candle stood, close to the bed, then he put on his spectacles and read his son's letter with great attention. Then only, in the silence of the night, by the dim light of the candle under its green shade, did he at last, for a moment, understand the importance of the news it con-

tained : "The French are at Vitebsk ? In four marches they can reach Smolensk — they are there perhaps by this time ! . . . Here, Tichka ! . . ."

Tikhone started up. "No, never mind — it is nothing !" said his master ; he slipped the letter under the candlestick and closed his eyes. . . .

He sees the rushing Danube, the shores overgrown with gigantic reeds, the Russian camp under a brilliant sky ; himself — a young general, gay and vigorous, going into Potemkin's tent ; and the mere reminiscence revives his passionate jealousy of the favorite in all its virulence . . . he hears once more every word that had been spoken at that first interview ! — He sees by his side a sallow woman of middle height and stout figure — our Mother the Empress ! — She smiles at him — speaks to him — and at the same instant behold the face is changed ; she lies on her state bier, surrounded by burning tapers.

"Oh ! if I could only go back to that time, if the present might vanish, and if 'they' would but leave me in peace !" the old man muttered in his dreams.

During the conference between the prince and his steward, Dessalles had gone to the princess and had respectfully represented to her, on the strength of her brother's letter, that it was certainly unsafe to remain at Lissy-Gory, only sixty versts distant from Smolensk and but three versts off the high-road to Moscow.

Therefore, as the state of her father's health prevented his taking the necessary steps to secure their safety, she would do well to send a letter by Alpatitch to the governor of the province, begging him to let her know the real state of affairs, and to tell her whether there were any danger in remaining in the country. Dessalles, indeed, wrote the letter, Princess Marie signed it, and gave it to Alpatitch with orders to return without losing a moment.

Alpatitch, thus amply instructed, was at last ready to be off; and after saying good-bye to every one in the house, he got into a large kibitka with a leather hood and three stout roans harnessed abreast.

The bells of the harness were stuffed with paper to muffle them, for the old prince never allowed one to be heard on his domain; but Alpatitch who liked the tinkle, fully intended to set them going as soon as he was far enough away from the house.

His own people, including a clerk, a cook, two old women and a child in Cossack costume, all crowded round him. His daughter packed in his eiderdown pillows in chintz covers, and one of the old women stealthily shoved in a large parcel, as the steward, respectfully assisted by one of the stablemen, was getting up in front.

"Hallo, hallo! What is all that? Women's fussiness! Oh women, women!" he exclaimed as he seated himself, in a voice as harsh and breathless as his old master's. After giving his parting instructions as to work and the building, he took off his hat and crossed

himself three times — in this, it must be said, strangely unlike his master.

“If there is anything wrong, the very least danger, you will come back at once, won’t you Jakow Alpatitch?” said his wife, who was frightened out of her wits at the rumors of war. “For Heaven’s sake have pity on us here!”

“Oh! women, women!” he growled once more, while the kibitka made its way by the side of the fields, which he inspected with the eye of a connoisseur. The rye was just turning yellow; the oats, still green, stood thick and strong; the summer wheat, unusually fine this season, rejoiced the steward’s heart, and he looked at it with pride. The harvest was being reaped on all sides; and as he went on he rehearsed in his mind all his schemes for sowing and cropping, wondering every now and then whether he had forgotten any of the prince’s commissions.

He stopped twice to bait his horses, and reached the town in the evening of the 16th of August. On the road he had overtaken several baggage trains, and even some detachments of marching soldiers; and as he got nearer to Smolensk he fancied he heard cannon at a considerable distance, but that did not trouble him. What surprised him far more seriously was to see a camp pitched in a fine field of oats which the men were mowing down, no doubt to feed their horses; but he was absorbed in business and calculations and ere long had forgotten the incident. For more than thirty years his sole interest in life had lain in carrying out his

master's wishes; thus anything which had no direct bearing on that did not appeal to his mind; in fact, scarcely existed so far as he was concerned.

When he reached the suburbs he pulled up at an inn kept by one Férapontow with whom he commonly lodged. This Férapontow had once upon a time bought, through Alpatitch, on easy terms, a wood belonging to Prince Bolkonsky, and the sale by retail had proved so profitable that by degrees he had built a house, and an inn, and now did a large business in flour. He was a peasant of about forty, black-haired, pleasant-looking, with a portly stomach, thick lips, a flat nose and prominent bumps over his thick brows which he commonly knit. He was standing with his back against his shop door, in a colored shirt and a waistcoat.

"Good evening, Jakow Alpatitch; you are a welcome sight. So you are coming into town when others are getting out of it!"

"How is that?"

"They are afraid of the French — the idiots!"

"Old wives' gossip!" said Alpatitch.

"That is what I tell them. I tell them that orders have been given that he is not to be let in; so of course he will not get in! — And those rascally peasants take advantage of the panic to charge three roubles for a goods van!"

Jakow Alpatitch, who listened without marking, interrupted him to order a feed of hay for his horses; then, after a good cup of hot tea, he went to bed.

All night through regiments were marching past the house; but Alpatitch heard them not, and next morning he went as usual to transact his business in the town. The sun shone brightly and at eight in the morning it was quite hot. "What lovely weather for the harvest!" thought the steward. The growl of cannon and rattle of musketry were audible at daybreak outside the town. The streets were full of soldiers and of coach drivers going and coming as usual, while the shop-keepers stood idle at their open doors. Mass was going on in the churches. Alpatitch made his usual round, went into the different law courts, called at the post-office and at the governor's; wherever he went war was the word; the enemy was down on the town they said; every one was questioning every one else and trying to reassure his neighbor.

Outside the governor's residence Alpatitch found a large gathering; there was a detachment of Cossacks on guard, and the grand functionary's travelling-carriage, evidently waiting for his highness. On the steps he met two gentlemen, one of whom he knew as having been the head of a district.

"It is past a joke!" he was saying vehemently. "For a bachelor, it is all very well; only one to look after, a mere trifle! — but with thirteen children, and all their fortune at stake! . . . What are the authorities about, to let things come to such a pass that there is nothing before us but ruin? Such villains deserve hanging!"

"Come, come! Take it calmly!"

"What do I care if they hear me? Let them hear me! We are not dogs to be treated so."

"What you, Jakow Alpatitch? What brings you here?"

"I have come by his Excellency's orders to see the governor," said the steward, drawing himself up with pride and putting his hand into his waistcoat — a gesture he always used when speaking of his master. "I am to ascertain the true state of affairs."

"Go and ascertain it by all means. You will find that there is not a carriage or a cart to be had. — You hear that noise? — Well then . . . The scoundrels have led us into ruin!"

Alpatitch shook his head sadly and went on; the waiting-room was full of women, merchants and clerks. The door of the inner room was opened; every one rose and pressed forward. An official came out looking very scared; he spoke a few words to one of the merchants, called a burly clerk with an order round his neck, and carried him off with him in a hurry, without paying any heed to the questions and looks that followed him. Alpatitch took a front place and when, presently, the same official reappeared, he held out the two letters, put his left hand, in due form, inside his waistcoat and spoke:

"For M. Le Baron Asch, from General Prince Bolkonsky," he said, with such solemn significance that the man turned round and took the letters he held out to him. A few minutes latter the governor sent for Alpatitch.

“Tell the prince and princess,” he said hurriedly, “that I know nothing, and that my orders — here. . . .” he added, giving him a printed paper. “The prince, I see is ill, I advise him to go to Moscow; I am going there myself. Tell him that I have taken no steps. . . .” but he did not finish the sentence: an officer, covered with dust and sweat, rushed into the room and said a few words in French; the governor’s face expressed extreme dismay.

“Go — go,” he said nodding to Alpatitch, who immediately left the room. All the waiting crowd, eager for news, looked at him with anxious enquiry.

As he hurried back to his quarters he listened more attentively to the firing, which was certainly nearer. The printed document ran as follows:

“I can assure you that at present no danger threatens the town of Smolensk, and it is not likely that it will. I, on one side, and Prince Bagration, on the other, are advancing to unite there on the 22nd of this month, and the combined armies will then coöperate to protect their fellow-countrymen and the government under your jurisdiction; until by their efforts they shall have repulsed the foe, or until not a soldier is left to fight. So you see that you may with perfect confidence reassure the inhabitants of Smolensk, for when two armies as brave as ours are prepared to fight, victory is certain. (Order of the day, from Barclay de Tolly to Baron Asch, Governor of Smolensk. — 1812.)”

The streets, however, were full of anxious faces. At

every turn carts were to be met coming out of the courtyards of the houses, loaded with movables, furniture and household goods of every description, and all making their way to the gates of the town. Some, ready to be off, were standing in front of the shop next to Férapontow's, the women were wailing and crying and exchanging last words, while a cur barked and leaped round the horses' heads.

Alpatitch turned into the inn-yard and went up to his conveyance with unwonted briskness; the coachman was asleep. He roused him, desired him to put the horses to, and then went into the house to fetch his baggage. In the owner's room he could hear children squabbling, women shrieking, and above them all Férapontow's harsh, angry tones. The cook was rushing about the hall like a frightened hen.

"He has been beating her, beating the Missis to death," she screamed.

"Why?"

"Because she begged and prayed him to let her go. 'Take me away,' says she — 'do not leave me to die, me and the children. — Every one is going, why do we stop' — and he gave her such a thrashing! Oh dear, oh dear!"

Alpatitch, not caring to hear any more, merely nodded his head and went on to the room where his purchases had been stowed.

"Wretch, monster!" yelled a pale woman, with torn clothes, holding a child in her arms, who rushed out on to the landing and flew down stairs.

Férapontow was following her but, seeing Alpatitch, he pulled up short, settled his waistcoat, yawned, stretched his arms, and went into his room with him.

“What, are you off?”

The steward examined his parcels and made no reply, merely asking for his bill.

“Presently — time enough. Tell me, what is the governor doing? Is anything settled?”

Alpatitch told him that the baron had spoken in very vague terms.

“It will be good for our trade, do you know that?” said the man. “Sélivanow sold some flour to the army the other day at nine roubles a sack. — Will you have some tea?”

While the horses were being put to Alpatitch and his host drank a few cups, talking amicably of the price of corn, of the approaching harvest and the fine promise of the crops.

“It seems to me,” said Férapontow, “that there is less noise out there now. Our men have got the best of it no doubt. They declared that they would not let him in: so we are strong enough of course. Matvei Ivanovitch Platow pitched eighteen thousand of them into the river the other day.”

The steward settled his score; the tinkling of the bells of his kibitka which had been taken out of the inn-yard and was now standing in front of the house, attracted him to the window; he looked up and down the streets on which the sun was shining hotly, and

there was scarcely any shade ; it was but a little past noon.

Suddenly a strange, shrill, far off whistle rushed through the air, followed by a sharp thud, and a long low rumble made all the windows rattle. Alpatitch went down into the street just as two men fled past the house towards the bridge. Now the hissing flight of bullets was to be heard on all sides with the patter of their falling, and the bursting of shell which were pouring on the town ; but the inhabitants did not heed them much ; the firing outside the walls disturbed them far more. The town was being bombarded by Napoleon ; indeed, a hundred and thirty guns had been firing incessantly since five in the morning.

Férapontow's wife, who was still sobbing in a corner of the coach-house, suddenly became quite calm ; she went out into the gateway to get a better view of what was going on, and to stare at the passers-by whose curiosity was roused by the ball and shell. The cook and the shop-clerk from next door joined her, and all three stood watching the projectiles with eager interest, as they flew above their heads. Then some men came round the corner of the street, talking excitedly.

"What tremendous force!" said one. "The roof, ceiling, everything was smashed to powder."

"And it ploughed up the ground like a boar with his snout," said another.

"I had just time to jump out of the way, or I should have been made mincemeat of," added a third.

The crowd stopped them, and they gave a full account of how some of the shot had fallen close to them; and all the time the shrill ring of bullets and the duller hum of bombs and shell grew louder and faster; but nearly all flew over the roofs.

At last Alpatitch got into his carriage; his host was attending to his last arrangements when the cook, with her sleeves turned up and arms akimbo, came out and went down to the street corner to listen to what was being said, and stare, too, at the exciting scene.

“What the devil are you gaping at there?” cried Alpatitch roughly. At the sound of this despotic call, she turned and came hurrying back again, dropping her red petticoat which she had been holding up. At this instant the ominous whistle sounded so near that it might have been a bird flying close to the ground and trailing its wing; there was a flash in the very street, a tremendous explosion, and then a dense cloud of smoke. The cook fell groaning in the midst of a circle of pale and terrified faces. Férapontow ran forward; the women all shrieked and fled, the children cried, but the woman’s screams sounded above them all.

In less than five minutes the street was deserted; the poor girl, whose ribs had been broken by a piece of the shell, had been carried into the inn-kitchen. Alpatitch and his coachman, with Férapontow’s wife and children and the gate-keeper, had all in their terror taken refuge in the cellar. The hollow roar of cannon

and rush of grenades did not cease and mingled with the cook's moans. Férapontow's wife tried in vain to quiet her baby and get it to sleep, while she questioned every one who came in to know what had become of her husband; she heard that he had gone to the cathedral, where the inhabitants had flocked in crowds to demand that a procession should go round the town with the miraculous image of the Virgin.

As dusk fell the cannonade died away; the evening sky was shrouded by a dense cloud of smoke, though here and there, through the rents, the silver crescent of a new moon was seen. The incessant thunder was followed by a brief lull; but in a very few minutes a noise was heard of trampling crowds, with groans and shrieks, and the sinister crackling of fire. The poor cook had ceased her wailing. Soldiers came hurrying down the street, no longer in well-ordered file, but like a swarm of ants escaping pell-mell from an upturned ant-hill. Some rushed into the inn-yard, to get out of the way of a regiment that barred the road by having suddenly turned in its flight. Alpatitch came out of the cellar and stood in the gateway.

"The town has surrendered! — Get away as fast as you can," cried an officer; adding, as he saw his men coming out of the yard: "I forbid you to go into the houses."

Alpatitch called his driver and told him to mount the box. All Férapontow's family came out one by one into the yard, but when the women saw the lurid glare of the conflagration, very visible in the twilight,

they broke out into lamentations which found an echo in cries of anguish in the street. Alpatitch and the coachman, under the shed, disentangled the reins and straps with trembling hands; at last all was ready, and the vehicle moved off with a will. As the steward passed Férapontow's open shop he saw a dozen or more soldiers still filling large sacks with flour, wheat and sunflower seeds. The owner came rushing in, and was on the point of flying at them in a fury, but he stopped short, tearing his hair, and his rage vented itself in a sort of sobbing laugh.

"Take it, take it, children!" he said. "Anything rather than that it should fall into the hands of those fiends!" and he himself seized the sacks and flung them out into the street. A few of the soldiers were frightened and fled; the rest quietly continued their work of plunder.

"Russia is lost, Alpatitch, ruined and lost!" exclaimed Férapontow. "I shall go, too, and help make the fire" And he rushed out into his yard, half-crazy.

The road was so crowded that Alpatitch could not move; Férapontow's wife and children had got into a cart, and, like him, were waiting for an opportunity to make a start.

It was a dark but starlight night by the time they had reached the slope down to the Dnieper, advancing inch by inch. There again they had to pause, the way was stopped by soldiers and vehicles. Close to the cross-roads where they pulled up, the last remains of a

house and some shops were still burning; the flame fitfully dying out in dense black smoke and then blazing up again brighter than before, and lighting up minutely with a malignant glare the figures of the speechless and terrified bystanders. Shapes passed to and fro in front of the fire, and cries and wailing mingled with the crackle of burning timber; soldiers were coming and going in the fiery glow; two of them, helped by a man in a cloak, were dragging a blazing beam into the yard of the next house, and others were bringing in armfuls of hay.

Alpatitch got out of his kibitka and joined a group who were staring at the destruction of a granary, where the flames were licking the walls; one side presently gave way, the roof fell in and the burning joists crashed down.

At this instant a voice called him by his name.

"Good God! Excellency!" he exclaimed, recognizing Prince André, who, mounted on a black horse, kept just behind the crowd.

"What are you doing here?"

"Excellency," said the steward, melting into tears. "I — I — Is all lost?"

"What are you doing here?" repeated the prince.

A shaft of flame suddenly shot up to heaven and revealed his pale, worn face. Alpatitch briefly told him what he had come for, and the difficulty he had in getting out of the town.

"Tell me, Excellency," he said once more. "Is there no chance for us?"

Prince André did not reply, but he took out his note-book, tore out a leaf and wrote in pencil, on his knee, these few words to his sister :

"Smolensk is abandoned. The enemy will be in Lissy-Gory in a week at latest. Go at once to Moscow Let me have a line by express messenger to Ousviage to tell me that you are off." He had just given the note to Alpatitch and was adding a few verbal instructions, when a staff-officer, followed by his orderlies, addressed him in a strong German accent :

"You, a colonel!" he said, "and you can look on while the houses are being set on fire under your very eyes! — What is the meaning of it? You will have to answer for this!" It was Berg who had found a berth as adjutant on the staff of the general in command of the infantry of the first army's left flank, and found it, as he often said, a pleasant and advantageous position.

Prince André looked at him, but answered never a word; he went on speaking to Alpatitch :

"Tell them that I shall wait for an answer till the 10th. If I do not hear that they are gone by that time, I shall be obliged to leave everything and go to Lissy-Gory."

"A thousand apologies!" Berg now put in, having just recognized the prince. "But I have strict orders, otherwise I should not have ventured — you know I am punctually obedient! A thousand apologies!"

There was an appalling crash; the fire suddenly seemed extinct; only whirling clouds of smoke rolled up — then another crash; the huge building reeled

and fell in, with a noise like the crack of doom. The crowd yelled with wild excitement; the fire flew up again in a burst of flame, lighting up the ghastly faces of those who had planned it. The man in the cloak waved his arm, shouting:

“Hurrah! — It is done, my boys! It is blazing well now!”

“That is the owner of the store!” said one and another in a low voice.

“So you understand, Alpatitch,” said Prince André, taking no notice of Berg, who stood petrified by the scene. “Tell them just what I say — good-bye;” and spurring his horse he rode off.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM Smolensk the Russians continued to retire, closely followed up by the enemy. The regiment under Prince André's command marched along the high-road and past the turning which led to Lissy-Gory, on the 10th of August.* For three weeks past the heat and drought had been terrific. Heavy clouds occasionally veiled the sun but they soon passed over, and he set, evening after evening, behind a thick mist of dusky crimson. The uncut crops shed their seed and withered standing in the fields, while the cattle, bellowing with hunger, vainly sought a blade of grass in the scorched meadows and dried-up marshes. There was no respite save at night, and then only in the woods; the refreshing balm of dew had no effect on the parched land. On the high-road huge pillars of dust blinded the soldiers from the moment they started at daybreak. The baggage-trains and artillery took the middle of the road while the infantry tramped along the side paths, through the hot, choking dust which the night-dews had no power to lay. It clung

* There is some confusion in the dates given in this chapter, evidently arising from the use of the old and new styles. The 10th should be 22d (see page 177), and further on for the 7th read the 19th.—(*Translator.*)

to the soldiers' feet and caked on the wheels of the wagons, and hung round and over them like a cloud, getting into the eyes, the nostrils, and above all the lungs of man and beast alike. As the day went on the scorching sandy curtain grew more and more dense, till the sun was seen through it as a globe of blood-red fire. Not a breath of air came to stir the suffocating atmosphere, and the men stopped their noses and covered their mouths to be able to breathe at all. As soon as they reached a village every one rushed to the well, and the poor creatures fought for a drop of muddy water which was swallowed with avidity.

Prince André devoted himself to his regiment and the health and comfort of his men. The burning and evacuation of Smolensk, by fanning his hatred of the invaders, marked an epoch in his life, and the virulence of his hatred enabled him to forget his own griefs. His kindness and affability made him dear to his subordinates, who always spoke of him as "our prince." With his subalterns and men he was invariably gentle and friendly: they knew nothing of his past life; but when chance threw him in the way of an old acquaintance his whole nature rebelled; like the hedgehog, he was all spines, and cold and haughty in his demeanor, and in his daily life, even, he restricted himself to the strict fulfilment of his duty within the limits of absolute justice.

Everything, indeed, looked dark before him. On one hand Smolensk, which he was convinced might have been held, had been abandoned on the 18th; on

the other his father, decrepit and ailing, had been forced to leave Lissy-Gory, the home that the old man had built and arranged to his own taste, and that he loved above everything in the world. It was well for Prince André that his regimental duties diverted his mind from these gloomy thoughts, by constantly claiming his most minute attention.

His detachment reached Lissy-Gory on the 22nd; he had heard, two days previously, that his father and sister had left for Moscow. There was nothing to tempt him to visit the place; but an impulse to snatch a bitter joy by reviving his sorrowful memories made him decide to ride round that way.

Leaving his men to march on, he turned off towards the village where he was born and had grown up. As he passed the tank where the washer-women were usually to be seen singing and chattering over their work, he was surprised to find it deserted; the little raft lay half under water, half hauled up on the bank; there was not a soul in the gate-keeper's lodge, and weeds were sprouting in the garden; calves and colts were disporting themselves in the pleasure-grounds; the windows of the orangery were broken; some of the tubs were upset and several of the trees dead. He called Tarass, the gardener, but no one answered. Turning the corner of the green-house he perceived that the paling of the orchard was broken down and that the branches of the plum-trees were stripped of their fruit, quantities of which lay strewn on the ground. An old peasant, whom he could remember for years as

sitting outside the gate, was now sunning himself on the old prince's favorite bench. He was plaiting bass-shoes, and a skein of the bark hung, ready to his hand, on the trunk of a fine magnolia half dead of drought. As he was perfectly deaf he did not hear Prince André's approach. The prince rode up to the house; some old lime-trees that had stood in front of it had been felled; a piebald mare and her foal were capering about the flower-beds at the bottom of the steps and among the clumps of roses. All the shutters were closed excepting one on the ground-floor; a small boy, who seemed to be on the watch, catching sight of the horseman vanished indoors.

Alpatitch had remained alone at Lissy-Gory after seeing off all the family; he was studying the "Lives of the Saints" when the child rushed in to announce the arrival of the young master. He hastily buttoned up his coat and ran out, his spectacles still on his nose; and without saying a word he flew down to meet Prince André and burst into tears. But he at once turned away, ashamed of his weakness; and controlling his voice, gave him a full account of the state of things. All that the house had contained of any value had been sent to Bogoutcharovo with a hundred *tchetverts* of wheat out of the reserve stores; but the summer's crops of hay and corn, which were wonderfully fine that year, had all been cut by the troops before they were ripe. The peasants were all ruined and some of them had also moved to Bogoutcharovo.

"When did my father and sister leave?" asked

Prince André, who had listened absently to his lamentations, and who concluded that his family were at Moscow.

"They set out on the 7th," said Alpatitch, never doubting that he knew that they were at Bogoutcharovo; and then, going back to business again, he asked him for further orders. "There is still some corn left; am I to give it up on having a signed receipt for it?"

"What ought I to say?" thought Prince André, looking down at the old man whose bald head shone in the sun; he read in his face that he himself knew how useless it was to ask — that he only did so to cheat his own sorrow.

"Yes," he said. "You can let them have it."

"You see the state the garden is in. I could not help it; three regiments marched in to find quarters. The dragoons especially behaved . . . I took down the name of the officer in command to lodge a complaint. . . ."

"And what are you going to do now?" said his master. "Do you mean to stay here?"

Alpatitch looked up at him and raising his hands to heaven he said devoutly:

"He is my Protector . . . His will be done!"

"Well, good-bye," said Prince André, bending down to the faithful old man. "But go away; take what you can carry, and tell all the peasants to make their way to our place in Riazan, or even to the estate near Moscow."

Alpatitch, weeping bitterly, clung to him for a moment; but Prince André gently released himself and went off at a galop down the avenue.

He passed the old man again, sitting in the same place and still absorbed in his industry—it reminded him of a fly on a dead man's face. Two little girls who had no doubt come out of the orchard house stopped short as they saw him: they held up their skirts which were quite full of the plums they had gathered. They were so much alarmed that the elder, seizing her companion's hand, dragged her hastily away, and they hid behind a birch-tree without stopping to pick up the still green fruit that dropped from their laps. Prince André looked another way and pretended not to see them, for fear of frightening them more—he could not bear to see the pretty things so terrified.

The sight of these two children had suddenly roused a new phase of feeling in his spirit—a soothing and, so to speak, restful sense of the existence of other interests in life, outside and apart from his own, but equally human and equally natural. These little persons evidently cared for nothing at this moment but the safe possession and enjoyment of the half-ripe plums, and their chief point was to escape detection;—Why should he interfere with the success of their enterprise? He could not resist the temptation to look back at them, and he saw them run out of their hiding-place now that the danger was over, and scamper barefoot over the grass, with their frocks held high, laughing and chattering in their shrill childish voices.

Prince André, much refreshed by his ride away from the 'dust of the high-road, soon came up with his men who had stopped to rest near a pool of water. It was two in the afternoon; a broiling sun scorched the soldiers' backs through their black cloth uniforms, and the dust, hanging over them like a cloud of smoke, muffled the ring of their voices. There was no wind. As he rode along the dyke, a faint puff of damp marsh air fanned his cheek and made him long to plunge into the water, all muddy as it was. The little pond, whence shouts and laughter fell upon his ear, was overgrown with weeds and slime, and at this moment was so crowded with soldiers bathing that the water washed up to the foot-path; their white bodies, with hands, faces, and necks burnt to a brick-red, were wriggling and leaping in the green miry pool like fishes in a watering-pot. This frisky enjoyment, and the peals of thoughtless laughter gave him an obscure feeling of pity and regret.

A fair youngster, a man of the third division, with a strap fastened below the calf of his leg, crossed himself, stood back a pace to get a better leap and plunged in head foremost; a subaltern with his hair on end was stretching his weary limbs in the water, snorting like a horse, and pouring it over his body with hands blackened up to the elbow. There was a noise of gurgling and splashing water mingled with shouts of merriment; and in the pool and on the bank nothing was to be seen but a medley of human limbs — human flesh, white, firm, and healthy, with muscles as hard as steel.

Timokhine, whose nose was redder than ever, was sitting on the grass wiping himself with care; he was half ashamed of being caught so by his colonel, but thought he had better sing the praises of his bath.

"It is really very nice, Excellency, you should take a dip yourself."

"The water is dirty," said Prince André making a face.

"They will make way for you; they will clear it out," cried Timokhine; and running all naked to the pond he cried out to the men:

"The prince wants to bathe, children!"

"What prince?"

"Why, our-prince of course; who the deuce else?"

"Our prince," shouted several. And they all began to make such a stir that Prince André had the greatest difficulty in persuading them that he would far rather have a douche in a barn.

"Flesh and blood—*chair à canon!*" said he to himself, as he looked down his own body from head to foot; and he shuddered as he remembered that mass of human creatures splashing in the dingy pool, though he hardly let himself think of the impression of terror and horror that the sight had made on him.

Bagration had written the following letter to Araktchéïew, dated from his camp on the Smolensk road and written on the 7th (19th) of August. Know-

ing full well that it would be read by the Czar he had weighed every word — as thoroughly, that is to say, as his intelligence allowed.

“Monsieur le comte Alexis Andréïévitch: The *minister* will, no doubt, by this time have reported to you the surrender of Smolensk to the enemy; every one is distressed beyond words, and the whole army is in despair at the evacuation, without any useful result, of so important a place. I, for my part, entreated him most urgently; indeed I wrote to him about it. I give you my word of honor Napoleon was as completely surrounded as if he had walked into a sack, and if my advice had been taken, instead of capturing Smolensk he would have lost half of his army. Our troops fought and are fighting as they always do. I held out more than five and thirty hours with 15,000 men and I repulsed the enemy; but *he* would not hold out fourteen hours. It is a blot and a disgrace to our armies, and after this he is not worthy to live. If he has reported that our losses are heavy it is false — four thousand killed and wounded at most . . . that is all. The enemy, on the other hand, has suffered most severely.

“Why could he not hold out two days longer? The French would certainly have been the first to give way, for they had not a drop of water. He had solemnly promised me that he would not retire, and then suddenly he sends me a message to say he is withdrawing that very night.

"This is not war. At this rate we shall lead the enemy on to the gates of Moscow.

"I am told that you are thinking of making peace. God forbid! After such immense sacrifices and such inscrutable retreats it is not to be thought of. You will have all Russia down upon you, and we shall be ashamed to be seen wearing her uniform. Since things have come to such a pass we must fight as long as Russia can stand; as long as she has a man!

"One man ought to command and not two. Your minister may be a very good minister, but as a general it is not enough to say he is bad—he is atrocious! And the fate of the country is in his hands! My brain is frenzied with rage—pardon my plain speaking. It is perfectly certain that any man who can counsel peace at such a moment and take the minister's part is no friend to the Czar, and only hopes for our ruin. I am writing you the strict truth. Bring out the militia in all haste.

"M. de Woltzogen, the aide-de-camp, does not command the confidence of the army; far from it—he is suspected of favoring Napoleon, and he is the minister's prime counsellor. So far as I am concerned, I obey as implicitly as any corporal, though I am his senior in rank. It is a constant grievance to me; but being, as I am, devoted to my sovereign and benefactor, I submit—though I lament that he should have placed his armies in such hands. Would you believe that in the course of this retreat we have lost by fatigue, and scattered in various hospitals, no less than

15,000 men; if we had advanced this would never have happened. Tell all who will listen to you that our Mother, Russia, will accuse us of cowardice, for we are handing over the country to the rabble and so fomenting hatred and revenge in the hearts of her children. What are we afraid of? It is no fault of mine if the minister is timid, undecided, crotchety, and dilatory — a combination of every defect. The army is depressed, and loads him with abuse.”

CHAPTER XV.

THERE are, we opine, two categories under which we may classify all the various and widely different ways in which men live their lives: the first, including those in which form is more important than fact; the second, those in which fact rules supreme over form. For instance, we may compare country life, or provincial life, or life even in a city like Moscow, with life in St. Petersburg; and more especially with the life of fashionable drawing-rooms which is everywhere and always the same.

From 1805 to 1812 Russia was fully occupied with quarrelling and making it up again with Napoleon, and making and unmaking constitutions; while in the drawing-rooms of Anna Paulovna and Countess Helen no perceptible change had taken place, and all wore the same aspect and complexion as of old. At Anna Paulovna's every one was as much astonished as ever at Napoleon's successes, and the general submission of the sovereigns of Europe was still regarded as a wicked conspiracy intended solely to disturb and annoy the Russian court circle, of which Mlle. Schérer considered herself the uncontested representative. In Helen's house, where Roumiantzow was a constant visitor — speaking of her as a remarkably clever woman — the

same enthusiasm for "the Great Man" was still as fashionable in 1812 as it had been in 1808, and the rupture with France was spoken of as a matter of regret, though, of course, it must soon end in a peace.

When the Czar came to St. Petersburg after quitting the army, an unwonted excitement was perceptible in these rival centres; indeed, hostile demonstrations were attempted but the two houses kept true to their colors. Anna Paulovna would receive no Frenchmen but a few blue-blooded legitimists, and her patriotic zeal proscribed the French theatre, which — said she — cost the country as much to keep up as a regiment. At her house the movements of the army were eagerly watched, and the most favorable reports of the Russian troops were repeated there.

In Helen's, on the contrary, where the French were numerous, every hint at peace on Napoleon's part was noted, the rumors as to the enemy's barbarities were discredited, and the advice of those who spoke of removing the court and the seat of government to Kazan was denounced as premature. In their opinion the war was simply a demonstration; hence peace must soon be concluded; and they were fond of repeating a saying of Bilibine's — a diligent hanger-on now at the house where every man of mark had to be, or to have been, seen — to the effect that "critical questions could not be settled by gunpowder but only by those who had invented it." * There was much wit and laughter

* *Inventu la poudre*, equivalent to "Set the Thames on fire."

there, though of course with due discretion, at the patriotic excitement in Moscow which had culminated during the Czar's visit to the elder capital.

At Mlle. Schérer's, on the other hand, this enthusiasm roused such admiration as Plutarch felt for his heroes. Prince Basil, who still held various important places, was the link that united the rival factions. He was at home alike with "my good friend Anna Paulovna," and in "my daughter's diplomatic circle;" and it occasionally happened that in oscillating between the two, he got entangled in his talk, expressing in one house the opinions which he ought to have kept for the other.

At Mlle. Schérer's one day, not long after the Czar's return, Prince Basil, who had been censuring Barclay de Tolly very severely, ended by confessing that, as matters then stood, he should find it extremely difficult to name the man who could fill the post of commander-in-chief. Another familiar visitor, who was commonly known as "the man of distinguished merit," said that he had that day seen the commandant of the St. Petersburg militia inspecting volunteers at the office of the ministry of finance, and ventured to suggest that he possibly was the man whose fate it might be to satisfy the requirements of all parties. Anna Paulovna smiled sadly: Koutouzow, she said, did nothing but involve the Czar in worries.

"Yes, I told them so in the chamber of nobles," said Prince Basil. "I told them that his election as general of militia would give his Majesty no satisfac-

tion; but they would not listen to me. They have a mania for petty squabbling. And why? Simply because they want to ape the ridiculous enthusiasm of Moscow," he went on, forgetting that this speech, which would have found approval in his daughter's drawing-room, would certainly be frowned at in Mlle. Schérer's. He was immediately conscious of it, and tried to set himself right.

"Is it fitting, I ask you, that Count Koutouzow, the oldest general in the Russian army, should preside there in person? He will get nothing by that move. — And then, honestly, how can a man be appointed commander-in-chief who has absolutely no manners, who cannot sit a horse, and who goes to sleep at a council? Can any one say that he covered himself with glory at Bucharest? I will not allude to his military qualities; that would take us too far. But in such critical circumstances how can we put our trust in a helpless old man who can hardly see? What sort of commander-in-chief can he be? He is good for nothing but to play blind-man's buff, for he really cannot see."

No one replied to this vehement attack which was delivered on the 21st of July, when Prince Basil was still on the safe side; but a few days later, on the 29th, Koutouzow received the title of Prince. This mark of favor, which it may be said only indicated a desire in high quarters to be rid of him, did not at all disturb Prince Basil; but it had the effect of making him more cautious in his utterances. On the 8th of August (20th), a council was held consisting of Soltykow, Araktchéïew,

Viasmitinow, Lopoukhine and Kotchoubey, to discuss the progress of the campaign. They came to the conclusion that its failure so far was due to the division of power, and after brief deliberation it was decided, in spite of the Czar's small liking for Koutouzow, to place him in command as general of the army and commandant of all the district occupied by the troops. He accepted the responsibility, and the appointment was confirmed the same evening.

On the following day Prince Basil was at Anna Paulovna's with the "man of distinguished merit," who was very anxious to be civil to him as he wanted his interest to procure him a place as curator of an institution for young girls. Prince Basil marched into the room with an air of triumph, and said, as if his fondest hopes had been crowned with fruition :

"Well! You have heard the great news? Prince Koutouzow is marshal in command, all differences are settled.—I am heartily glad. At last there is something like a man!" he went on, with a challenging glance at the audience.

The "man of distinguished merit," though he was a candidate for a place, could not forbear reminding the orator of the opinions he had expressed only a short while since. It was a double breach of good manners, for Anna Paulovna, too, had received the news with eager satisfaction.

"But, Prince," he said, unable to check himself, and using Prince Basil's own words, "they say he is blind."

"What next! He can see well enough," said the prince talking quickly in his hoarsest bass and clearing his throat energetically — this was his favorite resource when he was at all embarrassed. — "He can see well enough, take my word for it; and I am glad that the Czar has given him an amount of power over the troops and over the country, too, which no commander-in-chief has yet had. He is a second autocrat."

"God grant he may prove so!" sighed Anna Paulovna.

The "man of distinguished merit," little skilled as yet in the ways of courts, fancied he could flatter the old maid by upholding her former opinion. He hastened to add:

"But they say that the Czar signed the appointment much against his feelings; and that he colored like a girl when he told Koutouzow that the honor was awarded him by his sovereign and his country."

"Perhaps his feelings had nothing to do with the case," observed Anna Paulovna.

"Not at all, not at all," cried Prince Basil, who now would not hear a word against Koutouzow. "That is impossible; the Czar has always appreciated his splendid qualities."

"Then God grant that Koutouzow may really wield the power, and allow no one to put a spoke in the wheel," said Anna Paulovna.

Prince Basil, understanding her allusion, added in a low voice:

"I know for certain that Koutouzow insisted, as a

sine qua non, that the Czarevitch should be recalled. I can tell you what he said: 'I could not punish him if he did wrong, nor reward him if he did right.' Oh! he is a man of keen foresight. I have known Koutouzow this many a long day."

"But it is even said," the 'man of distinguished merit' persisted, "that his Highness exacted a promise from his Majesty not to join the army on any account."

He had scarcely spoken when Prince Basil and his hostess exchanged a pitying glance at such inconceivable want of tact, and turned their backs as if they were moved by one spring, both sighing deeply.

While all this was happening at St. Petersburg the French, having left Smolensk behind them, were steadily approaching Moscow. Thiers, in writing his narrative, endeavors, like other historians of Napoleon, to palliate the errors of his hero by asserting that he was led on to Moscow against his will. This might be true if it were possible to assign the will of a single man as the cause of events affecting the whole world; and in that case historians would be right in stating that Napoleon was decoyed onwards by the skill of the Russian generals. In studying previous events as a process of incubation of the facts which were their ultimate outcome we may often detect a certain connection between them which only makes them seem more complicated. When a good chess-player has lost a game and is fully

persuaded that the fault was his own, he sets aside the blunders he may have committed during the progress of the game to examine what mistake he made at the beginning of which his adversary has taken advantage to compass the defeat. The game of war — a much more elaborate matter — is influenced by the conditions under which it is carried on ; and far from being within the power of one single will, it is the outcome of the friction and shock of all the thousand wills and passions which are brought into play.

Napoleon, after quitting Smolensk tried, but vainly, to force a pitched battle on the Russians, first at Dorogobouge on the Viazma, and then at Czarevo-Zaïmichtché ; various circumstances prevented the Russians from confronting him till he reached Borodino, within 112 versts of Moscow. At Viazma Napoleon gave the order to march on the ancient Asiatic capital of the empire, the Holy City of Alexander's subjects ; Moscow, with its numberless pagoda-like churches, excited his imagination. He set out from Viazma on his little cream-colored horse, followed by his body-guard, his aides-de-camp and his pages ; Berthier, the major-general, lingered behind to question a Russian prisoner with the help of Lelorgne d'Ideville, but he soon overtook his master and pulled up close in front of him with a radiant look of satisfaction.

“ What is it ? ” asked Napoleon.

“ A Cossack, Sire, who has just been taken prisoner, says that Platow's division is joining the main body of the army, and that Koutouzow is appointed commander-

in-chief. The rascal has a long tongue and seems intelligent."

Napoleon smiled, ordered that the Cossack should be mounted, and had him brought to him that he might have the pleasure of questioning him himself. Some aides-de-camp galloped off to carry out his instructions, and in a minute Denissow's serf whom he had handed over to Rostow, our old friend Lavrouchka, with his shrewd face somewhat flushed by liquor, in his uniform as an officer's servant, and riding a French cavalry charger trotted up to Napoleon, who bid him ride by his side that he might cross-question him at his leisure.

"You are a Cossack?" he asked.

"Yes, Highness."

"The Cossack," says Thiers in telling the story, "not knowing to whom he was speaking—for there was nothing in Napoleon's appearance to suggest the dignity of the Sovereign to an oriental mind—talked with the utmost readiness of the state of affairs then existing."

Lavrouchka was drunk, or not far from it; having failed to provide his master's dinner the day before, he had been well thrashed and sent off to lay hands on the poultry in the next hamlet; there, having been led into rashness by the pleasures of pillage, he had been caught by the French. Lavrouchka's life had been one of varied experience; he was one of those perfectly cool hands who are up to every conceivable trick, who can always make a good guess at their superiors' worst

impulses, and can measure at a glance the length and breadth of their trumpery vanity. Now, face to face with Napoleon, whom he at once recognized, he set to work to win his good graces; he was no more shy in his presence than in that of Rostow, or of the quartermaster with the cat in his hand; for, as he had nothing to lose, what could they take?

So he reported as fully as might be what was said in the Russian ranks; but, when Napoleon asked him whether they thought they could beat Bonaparte he smelt a rat, frowned, and considered.

"If the battle is fought soon," said he, with a suspicious glance, "it is possible; but if there is no fighting for the next three days it is likely to be a long job."

This oracular reply was translated to the Emperor by Lelorgne d'Ideville as follows: "If the battle were fought within three days the French would win, but if it were postponed till later, God knows what might come of it." Napoleon, who was in a particularly good temper for the moment, listened with a smile and had the words repeated to him. Lavrouchka, observing this, still made believe not to know who he was.

"We know very well that the French have their Napoleon who has beaten everybody; but he won't find us so easy to deal with!" he went on, with an involuntary burst of patriotic boastfulness which the interpreter passed over in silence, only translating the first half of the sentence for his Majesty's benefit.

"The young Cossack's speech made his puissant companion smile," says Thiers.

Napoleon rode forward a few paces and spoke to Berthier. He wished, he said, to see the effect produced on this son of the steppes of the Don by being told that he was addressing the Emperor—that very Emperor who had written his victorious name on the Pyramids of Egypt. Lavrouchka, quite understanding that Napoleon expected to see him awed by the information, affected terrified astonishment: opened his eyes, put on a bewildered face, and assumed the expression he was wont to wear when he was led off for a flogging in punishment of some delinquency. “Hardly had the interpreter revealed the fact,” says M. Thiers, “than the Cossack, speechless with amazement, said not another word, but rode on with his eyes fixed on the conqueror whose name had reached even his ears across the steppes of the East. All his loquacity was stanchd and gave way to silent and awestruck admiration. Napoleon, after making him a present, gave him his liberty, ‘like a bird restored to the fields that are its home.’”

His Majesty went on his way, his head full of Moscow which reigned supreme in his imagination, while “the bird restored to the fields that are its home” rode back to the Russian outposts. His thoughts ran on the wonderful romance he was prepared to tell his comrades; for he was not the man to relate facts as they had happened, and speak the unvarnished truth. He asked the Cossacks he met on his way where his regiment now was. It formed part of Platow’s detachment and late in the day he arrived at Jankow, where his squadron

were bivouacked, just as Rostow and Iline were mounting to reconnoitre the neighborhood. Lavrouchka was then and there ordered to accompany them.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRINCESS MARIE was not at Moscow and out of all danger, as her brother supposed.

When the steward had returned from Smolensk the old prince roused himself from a kind of lethargy. He assembled all the militia and wrote to the general in command that he had quite made up his mind to remain at Lissy-Gory and to defend it to the last extremity, leaving it to him to take measures or not, as he chose, for the protection of a spot where "one of the oldest Russian generals was preparing to die or be taken prisoner." He then solemnly announced to his household his firm determination not to quit Lissy-Gory! As to his daughter, she, he said, was to take the little prince to Bogoutcharovo, and he set to work to arrange for their immediate departure with Dessallès. Princess Marie, excessively alarmed by this feverish energy supervening on several weeks of apathy, could not bear to leave him alone, and for the first time in her life refused to obey him. She said she would not go, and so exposed herself to a violent storm: her father in his rage accused her of endless imaginary crimes, loaded her with the bitterest reproaches, accused her of having poisoned his existence, of having made him quarrel with his son, of having suspected him of the

most abominable misdeeds — and finally dismissed her from his presence, saying she might do whatever she pleased, that he would have nothing more to say to her, and that he never would set eyes on her again. Princess Marie, however, was only too thankful not to have been placed in the carriage by force and in this slender concession read proof positive of her father's covert satisfaction at her having made up her mind to stay under the same roof with him.

The day after his grandson's departure the old man got himself into full dress and announced his intention of waiting on the general in command. His carriage was at the door, and his daughter could see him, blazing with orders, making his way to an alley in the grounds where he was about to review the peasants and servants whom he had put under arms. Sitting at her window she was listening to catch his various orders, when suddenly she saw some men running with faces of horror from the garden towards the house; she flew out, and was just turning into the alley when she saw, coming towards her, a party of the militia-men and in their midst her father whom they were carrying along, while his helpless feet dragged in the gravel. She went forward; the dancing lights through the foliage of the lime-trees at first prevented her seeing clearly the change in his features. As she got closer it was a fearful shock: his hard, set expression had turned to one of weakness and humility. On seeing his daughter his lips moved helplessly, but only gave out a hoarse, inarticulate sound. They carried him into his room and laid him on the

divan which only lately had been to him the object of such frenzied horror.

A doctor was fetched from the village and sat with him all night; the whole right side, he said, was paralyzed. As a residence at Lissy-Gory was every day more unsafe Princess Marie had the invalid carried to Bogoutcharovo, and sent her little nephew to Moscow in the care of his tutor.

The old man lived for three weeks in his son's house, still in the same state. His mind was gone; he lay motionless, almost lifeless, constantly murmuring inarticulate sounds; and it was impossible to tell whether or no he was aware of what was going on around him. He was evidently in pain, and seemed to wish to express some desire which no one could guess at. Was it some sick man's whim or the fancy of a weak brain? Did he want to speak of business—his own or the country's? No one could discover.

The doctor maintained that this irritation meant nothing, and was due solely to physical causes; but Princess Marie was sure that it was not so, and the old man's increased agitation when she was present confirmed her in this belief. There was no hope of his recovery, and to move him was impossible, for there would have been a risk of his dying on the road. "Oh! and would not death be preferable to life in this state?" thought Princess Marie. She never left him day or night, and, must it be confessed? she watched his slightest movements, not for a sign of improvement but often, on the contrary, to read a warning of the end.

And what was still worse — nor could she conceal it from herself — since her father's illness all her secret aspirations and hopes, now so long set aside, had suddenly revived in her soul: dreams of an independent life, full of new joys and freed from the yoke of her father's tyranny; of loving and being loved, and knowing the happiness of married life haunted her fancy like snares of the devil. In spite of every effort to drive them out she came back to them again and again, and often caught herself picturing and planning an altogether different existence when *he* should be gone. To resist temptation she had recourse to prayer, kneeling and fixing her eyes on the images of the saints; but her devotions lacked fervor and faith. Her feelings were drawn away by another current — the tide of active life, harder but free, and in utter contrast to the moral atmosphere which had surrounded and imprisoned her till now. Prayer had hitherto been her one and sole consolation — now she was under the charm of a more practical life.

There was some danger, too, in remaining even at Bogoutcharovo; the French were coming nearer and a neighboring estate had just been laid waste by pillage.

The doctor insisted that the sick man should be moved; the *Maréchal de Noblesse* even sent a special messenger begging Princess Marie to leave as soon as possible; the governor of the district came in person to tell her that there were French troops only forty versts away: "the enemy's proclamations had been sent out

to all the neighboring villages and if she did not go immediately he could not answer for the consequences."

She finally made up her mind to go on the 15th of August; the whole of the 14th was spent in giving orders and making preparations, and she passed the night, as usual without undressing, in a little room next to her father's. She could not sleep, and frequently went to the door to listen; she heard him moaning and faintly groaning while Tikhone and the doctor lifted him and changed his position. She would have liked to go in, but fear held her back; she knew by experience how much any appearance of alarm annoyed her father, who always looked away when he saw her anxious eyes involuntarily fixed on him; and she knew that her intrusion in the middle of the night, at an unusual hour, would occasion extreme irritation. And yet she had never felt so pitifully towards him as at this minute. A complete revulsion had taken place in her feelings; she really dreaded losing him, and as she let her memory dwell on the long years they had spent together, his every act seemed to her fancy a proof of his affection. If a vision of her future liberty intruded on the pathetic retrospect she shut it out at once with horror as a suggestion of the evil one; at last, wearied out, and hearing no more stir, she fell asleep towards morning, and did not wake till late.

The sharpening of apprehension which often accompanies our awakening at once brought home to her consciousness the predominant thought of her life; she

listened, and hearing nothing but the usual constant murmur in the next room, she said to herself with a weary sigh :

“ Still the same thing — always the same ! — But what is it I want then, what else should it be ? — Do you wish him to die ? ” and she was disgusted with herself for involuntarily formulating the feeling. She hastily rose, made her toilet, said her prayers, and went out on the steps. The horses were being harnessed, and the last small baggage was being packed into the carriage. It was a soft, dull morning ; the doctor came up to her.

“ He seems a little better this morning,” he said. “ I was looking for you ; he speaks more intelligibly and his head is clearer. Come, he has been asking for you.”

She turned pale and leaned against the door-post. Her heart beat painfully ; the mere idea of seeing him and speaking to him, when she had just been indulging in such guilty thoughts, was a painful mixture of pleasure and misery and shame.

“ Come,” said the doctor again.

She followed him and went close to her father's bed. He was lying on his back, propped up on pillows ; his lean bony hands with their network of knotted blue veins were laid before him on the sheet ; his left eye was glassy and fixed, the right drawn and haggard, his lips and brow were set ; his face was extraordinarily wrinkled and his feeble, shrunken look was pitiably pathetic. His daughter kissed his hand ; and his left

hand pressed hers; he was evidently needing her. He did this once or twice and his brow and lips quivered with impatience.

She looked at him in alarm What did he want? She placed herself where he could see her with his left eye and he was calmer at once. Then he made a desperate effort to speak, and at last his tongue moved — at first in inarticulate sounds, but soon he pronounced a few words anxiously and painfully and looking at his daughter with timid entreaty — he was so afraid of not being understood. The almost ludicrous difficulty he had in speaking made Princess Marie look down to hide the convulsive sobs she could scarcely control. He repeated the same syllables several times, but she vainly tried to gather their sense. The doctor at last thought he made out that he was asking her if she were afraid, but the prince shook his head.

“He means that his mind is not easy,” said Princess Marie, and her father with an affirmative nod drew her hand towards him and pressed it to his breast, now here, now there, as if trying to find the best place for it.

“I am always thinking of you,” he said, almost distinctly, and glad to have been understood; then as she bowed her head to hide her tears he stroked her hair and said:

“I called you all night.”

“If I had but known I was afraid to come in.”

He pressed her hand. “Then you were not asleep?”

"No," she said shaking her head. In spite of herself his weakness influenced her, she seemed to be trying to speak as he did, and to have the same difficulty in expressing herself.

"My little daughter," — or "my little darling —" he murmured. Princess Marie could not be quite sure which; but his look assured her that it was something tender and kind, a thing she had never known before. "Why did you not come in?"

"And I was wishing him dead!" thought the poor girl.

"Thank you, my child, my dear child, thanks — for everything — forgive — thanks!" and two tears rolled from his eyes. "Call Andrioucha," he said, with a sudden puzzled look.

"I have had a letter from him," replied Marie. He looked at her in surprise:

"Why, where is he?"

"With the army, father, at Smolensk."

Then there was a long silence; he lay with his eyes shut, but presently he reopened them and nodded as much as to say that he knew now and remembered everything.

"Yes," he said slowly and distinctly. "Russia is lost — they have lost her!" and he sobbed.

He grew calmer however, and closed his eyes, making a slight motion of his hand which Tikhone understood, for he wiped the old man's tears away while he murmured again some confused words. Was he speaking of Russia, of his son, his grandson, his

daughter? No one could make out. A happy inspiration helped Tikhone: "Go and put on your white gown; I like it"

"That is it," said the prince turning to Princess Marie.

At these words she broke into such a violent fit of weeping that the doctor led her out of the room to recover herself, and to finish the arrangements for their departure. The old prince went on talking — of his son, the war, the Czar, frowning angrily and raising his hoarse feeble voice, till suddenly a second and final stroke of paralysis silenced him.

The day had cleared, the sun was brilliant; but Princess Marie, standing on the balcony, was not thinking of it; she was conscious of nothing but a sudden gush of tenderness for her father whom she had never in her life loved as she did at this moment. She went down the steps and towards the pond; across the avenue of lime-trees that her brother had lately planted.

"Yes! I wished him dead!" she exclaimed aloud in her agitation. "I wanted it to end quickly that I might rest. — But what good will rest be to me when he is gone . . . ?"

She walked round the garden and back to the house and as she went up to the door she saw coming towards her a stranger walking with Mlle. Bourrienne,

who had refused to leave Bogoutcharovo. The gentleman was the *Maréchal de Noblesse*, who had come in person to impress on Princess Marie the need for departing. She listened but she did not heed, asked him into the dining-room, offered him breakfast, and gave him a seat by her side. But a minute after she got up again and went to her father's room. The doctor stood in the doorway.

"You cannot come in, Princess — go — go away," he said authoritatively. She went back into the garden and sat down on the very edge of the pond; where she could not be seen from the house. How long she remained there she never knew. Suddenly a sound of hasty footsteps on the gravel roused her from her reverie; it was Douniacha, her maid, who had been sent to look for her, and who stopped short, startled at seeing her there.

"Come, Princess, — the prince"

"Coming, — I am coming," cried Princess Marie, who set off running towards the house without waiting for the maid to finish her sentence.

"Princess," said the doctor, who was waiting for her at the entrance, "God's will is done! — You must bear it and submit!"

"It is not true — leave me, leave me!" she cried desperately.

The doctor tried to hold her back, but she pushed him aside and passed on.

"Why do they all try to stop me, why do they all

look so frightened?" thought she. "I do not want them; what are they all doing here?"

She threw open the door of her father's room; it was flooded with light now, whereas it had always been kept darkened; a feeling of intense terror came over her. The old nurse and some other women were standing round the bed; they stood aside as she came in, and as they separated she could see the stern calm face of the dead. She stood rooted on the threshold.

"He is not dead — it is impossible!" said she to herself.

Controlling her terrors with a great effort she went to the bed and pressed her lips to her father's cheek; but the contact made her shudder and start back; all the tender feeling that had surged up in her soul vanished before the horror and dread of that which lay before her.

"He is gone, he is gone, — and this horrible thing is in his place! — A dreadful mystery that freezes and horrifies me!" murmured the poor woman She covered her face with her hands and fell senseless into the arms of the doctor, who had followed her.

The doctor and Tikhone superintended while the old women laid out the body. They tied up the jaw that it might not stiffen with the mouth open, and fastened the legs together to keep them straight. They dressed the prince in his uniform with all his decorations and laid him on a table. Everything went on as usual in such cases. The coffin was ready by night-fall, as if by magic; the pall was laid over it, wax-tapers

were lighted all round ; the floor was strewn with juniper and the reader began intoning the Psalms. The neighbors, and even many strangers came in numbers and crowded round the coffin — for all the world, like horses, that shy and tremble at the sight of a dead horse, for they, too, were afraid — the *Maréchal de Noblesse*, the village overseer, the women of the household and farms, gazed with round eyes and panic-stricken faces, and crossed themselves before kissing their patron's cold stiff hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE old prince had never had any liking for Bogoutcharovo; the peasants were quite unlike those of Lissy-Gory in language, costume and manners; they always said that they were originally natives of the steppes. The prince did full justice to their laborious habits, and would have them over to Lissy-Gory for the harvest, or to dig a pond or a ditch; but he did not like them on account of their rough manners. Prince André's residence among them, his reforms, his schools, his mitigation of the taxes, instead of civilizing them had only fostered the native rusticity which their old master always said was their most characteristic trait. The most extraordinary fables found credence among them: at one time they believed that they were all to be enlisted as Cossacks on service, and were to be made to accept a new religion; then, remembering the oath made to Paul I., in 1797, they would discuss the freedom he would have secured to them and which the owners of the fiefs had denied them; while some expected the return of Peter III., who was to rise again to govern in seven years' time. Then all would be free; everything would be legitimate, and reduced to such simple elements that there would be no laws at

all! Meanwhile the war with Napoleon, and the French invasion were bound up in their minds with their confused notions of Antichrist, the end of the world, and full and perfect liberty.

There were in the neighborhood of Bogoutcharovo some large villages belonging to private owners or to the crown, but the proprietors rarely lived on their estates; consequently there were but few house-serfs, or men knowing how to read and write, so that among this peasantry the myths of national popular romance, whose origin is so often a mystery to the contemporary writer, had a particularly deep and contagious effect. For instance, about twenty years previously, the peasants of Bogoutcharovo, led away by those of the adjoining country, had migrated as one man, like a flock of birds of passage, to the southeast, to find certain fabulous streams whose waters were said to be always hot. Hundreds of families sold everything they possessed and set out in caravans; some bought their freedom, others simply ran away. Numbers of these poor wretches were severely punished and sent to Siberia, others perished on the way from frost and want of food; the rest came back and the movement calmed down and died out, as it had begun, without any apparent cause.

At the present moment, in the same way, certain similar notions were abroad among the peasants; and those who had any intimate dealings with the populace knew full well that in 1812 it was pondering over various mysterious influences which only needed a

favorable opportunity to act with direct and increased violence.

Alpatitch, who had moved to Bogoutcharovo only a few days before the old prince's death, noticed an obscure ferment among the serfs there, whose manners and ways were curiously unlike those of their brethren at Lissy-Gory, though they were only sixty versts apart. While, at Lissy-Gory, the peasants were ready to desert their homes and leave them to the tender mercies of plundering Cossacks, here they clung to the soil and kept up a correspondence with the French; nay, some of Napoleon's proclamations were to be seen in their hands. The old steward had learned, through some faithfully devoted servants, that a man named Karp, who was very influential among his equals, and who had just come back from driving a train of crown cattle, was telling his friends that the Cossacks were destroying all the villages that had been deserted, while the French, on the contrary, respected them. He was told, too, that another peasant had brought from the nearest town a proclamation from a French general, which stated that no harm would be done to those who remained in their houses, that ready money would be paid for everything that was taken; and to prove his statement he displayed the 100 rouble notes he had received for his hay. — How could he know that the notes were forgeries?

Finally — and this was the most important point of all — Alpatitch found out that, on the very day when he had ordered the overseer of the village to levy a due

supply of carts and horses to move Princess Marie's luggage, the peasants had met in council and announced their determination to disregard the order, and not to stir out of the village. But there was no time to be lost; the *Maréchal de Noblesse*, who had come on purpose to Bogoutcharovo, had insisted that the princess must leave at once, saying that he would not answer for her safety beyond the next day — the 17th (29th) of August; in fact, in spite of his promise to attend the prince's funeral, he was prevented doing so by a sudden march on the part of the French, which only gave him time to carry off his family and a few of his more precious possessions.

Drone, the overseer or *starosta*, whom his deceased master had always called Dronouchka, had now for nearly thirty years been at the head of the hamlet of Bogoutcharovo. He was one of those men — Hercules in mind as much as in body — who, having once come to man's estate, live to be seventy without a grey hair or a lost tooth, as strong and vigorous as they were at thirty.

Drone had been invested with his functions as head-man of the village, soon after the famous exodus of the "hot waters," in which he had started with the rest; he had now filled the post with blameless integrity for twenty-three years. The serfs feared him even more than they did their master, who treated him with respect and called him in jest "the prime minister." Drone had never been known to be ailing or drunk; never did he seem to be tired in spite of the most exhausting labor

and nights without sleep; and, though he could neither read nor write, he never made a mistake in his accounts, nor in the number of *pouds* of flour which he carried in huge wagon-loads to sell in the neighboring town, nor the quantity of wheat yielded by the fields round Bogoutcharovo. It was to this man that Alpatitch gave the order to supply twelve horses for Princess Marie's carriages, and eighteen carts with beasts to convey the furniture and luggage. Although the serfs' dues were paid in money Alpatitch did not suppose that there could be any difficulty in executing this demand, since the village contained two hundred and thirty households, most of them in easy circumstances. But Drone simply looked down and said nothing as he listened to these instructions, which Alpatitch supplemented by telling him to which of the serfs he had best apply for the necessary horses and vehicles. The *starosta* replied that the horses belonging to the men he named were out. The steward mentioned some others.

"They have no horses now; they have hired them out to the government," replied Drone; "as for the rest, they are worn out with work, and bad food has killed a great many; so it is impossible to collect enough even for the carriages, much less for the baggage-carts."

Alpatitch, greatly surprised, looked fixedly at Drone. If Drone were a pattern overseer, he on his part was a first-rate steward; he understood at once that these replies were not the expression of Drone's own feeling

but of that of the commune, which was evidently carried away by a tide of new notions. He knew, too, that the peasants hated Drone, as a serf richer than themselves, and that at heart the overseer was halting between two camps — the owners and the serfs; of this he saw the symptoms in his undecided looks. He went up to his subaltern with despotic impatience :

“Listen to me,” he said. “No more nonsense of this kind! His Excellency Prince André gave me orders to see you all off the place that there may be no collusion with the enemy. Indeed, the Czar has issued orders to that effect. Those who stop to bargain with the enemy are traitors — do you understand?”

“I understand,” said Drone, without looking up.

But Alpatitch was not satisfied.

“Drone, Drone,” he said, “this will bring you to no good,” and he shook his head. “Be advised by me : Do not be obstinate. — I can see straight through you, I can even see three *archines* under your feet, and you know it!” He took his hand out of his waistcoat and flourished it theatrically towards the ceiling. Drone looked at him askance, not without uneasiness, but at once fixed his eyes on the floor again. “Throw over all this folly ; tell them all to pack up their chattels and start at once for Moscow . . . And mind the carts are here to-morrow morning for Princess Marie. — As for you, do not go to the meeting again. Do you hear?”

Drone fell on his knees.

“Jakow Alpatitch, in God’s name take the keys yourself.”

"I simply tell you," Alpatitch repeated sternly, "to give up your scheme. You know I can see into the earth under your feet."

For his skill in the management of bees, and in knowing the precise moment for sowing oats, with his twenty years of service under the old prince, had, as he knew, gained him a reputation as a sorcerer. Drone got up again and was about to speak, but Alpatitch stopped him.

"Come, tell me what you have got into your head? Heh? What did you really hope to do?"

"But what am I to do with the villagers?" said Drone; "they will not listen to reason, I have told them. . . ."

"Are they drinking?"

"They are quite unmanageable, Jakow Alpatitch; they have staved in a second barrel."

"Well then, listen to me. I will go and fetch the head of the police, and you meanwhile go and tell them to have done with all this nonsense and find carts."

"Very good," replied Drone.

Jakow Alpatitch said no more; he had ruled over the peasantry too long not to be well aware that the best way to win was not to admit the possibility of resistance. So he feigned to be satisfied with Drone's submission; but he nevertheless took steps to secure the support of the authorities.

The evening came, but no carts. A noisy crowd had met outside the village tavern, and decided unanimously on refusing to supply them and on turning all

the horses loose in the forest. Alpatitch therefore at once gave orders that the vehicles which had brought his goods from Lissy-Gory should be unloaded, and his horses kept ready for Princess Marie, while he hurried off to apprise the district authorities of the state of affairs.

Princess Marie had kept her room since her father's funeral, and had not admitted a soul to see her, when her maid came, and speaking through the closed door told her that Alpatitch wished to have her orders as to her departure. — This was before his interview with Drone. The princess was lying on the sofa, quite broken-hearted, and she answered that she was not going to leave Bogoutcharovo at all — not to-day — never; and only begged to be left in peace. Stretched at full length with her face to the wall, her fingers wandered idly over the leather cushion on which her head rested, mechanically counting the buttons, while her uncontrolled thoughts came back again and again to the same set of ideas: Death, the irrevocableness of God's decrees, the sinfulness of her own soul — the sinfulness of which she had been conscious during her father's illness, and which kept her from praying . . . Thus she remained a long time.

Her room faced the south, and the rays of the setting sun fell aslant through the windows; they suddenly lighted up the cushion on which her eyes were fixed, and diverted the current of her thoughts; she rose, smoothed her hair, and instinctively breathed more freely in the fresh evening breeze.

“So you may enjoy the beauty of the sky in peace now?” she said to herself. “He is dead — no one will interfere with you for the future!” She sank into a chair and laid her head on the window-sill.

She presently heard her name spoken again in an affectionate tone ; turning round she saw Mlle. Bourrienne, in a black dress with deep white cuffs, who came up to her, kissed her, and melted into tears. Princess Marie remembered all her past dislike, all her jealousy of the Frenchwoman, and the change that had taken place in her father during these last weeks when he would not have Mlle. Bourrienne come near him. “Was not that sufficient proof of the injustice of my suspicions? What right have I — I who wished him dead — to judge my neighbor?” And a vivid picture rose up in her mind of her companion’s painful position, treated by her with marked coldness, dependent nevertheless on her kindness, and obliged to live under a stranger’s roof in a foreign land. Pity gained the day ; she looked up timidly and held out her hand. Mlle. Bourrienne grasped it eagerly and kissed it weeping ; then she dilated on the terrible loss they both had suffered : “The princess’s permission that she should share her sorrow, their reconciliation under this common loss would be her only consolation. Her conscience was clear — and he, now above, would surely do justice to her affection and gratitude!” Princess Marie heard the sound of her voice with vague satisfaction, and looked up at her now and then, but paid no particular heed to what she was saying.

"Dear Princess," Mlle. Bourrienne went on, "I understand that you have not thought — that you cannot yet think of yourself; my feelings compel me to think for you. — Has Alpatitch spoken to you of leaving?"

Princess Marie did not answer; her mind was too bewildered to take in what was said, or who it was that was to leave.

"Leaving? Why? What do I care now?" she was thinking to herself.

"Perhaps you do not know, dear Marie, that we are not safe here; we are surrounded by the French. — If we were to set out we should undoubtedly be stopped, and God alone knows. . . ." Princess Marie looked at her blankly.

"Oh! if only you could know how utterly I do not care. I am not going away from him . . . Talk to Alpatitch about it if you like. I will have nothing to say to it."

"I have talked to him about it. He hopes to get us off to-morrow; but in my opinion we had better stay where we are; it would be too dreadful to fall into the hands of the troops or of the insurgent peasantry!" And she drew out of her pocket a proclamation issued by General Rameau, advising the inhabitants not to desert their homes, and promising them, if they remained, the protection of the French authorities. "It seems to me that we cannot do better than apply to this general, for he will certainly treat us with all possible consideration."

Princess Marie read the paper and her face changed spasmodically.

"Where did you get this?" she asked.

"They probably heard that I was French!" said Mlle. Bourrienne reddening.

Princess Marie, without another word, left the room, went into her brother's study and called Dounia-cha.

"Send Alpatitch or Drone to speak to me," she said, "I do not care which; and tell Amalia Karlovna (Mlle. Bourrienne) that I wish to be alone. — We must go — go as soon as possible!" she exclaimed, horror-stricken at the idea of any dealings with the French.

"What would Prince André say if such a thing were to happen? The mere thought that she, the daughter of Prince Nicolas Bolkonsky, should ask protection of General Rameau and lay herself under obligations to him, made her shudder and turn pale and red with outraged pride and anger. Her imagination conjured up every detail of the humiliation she must endure: "The French would make themselves at home here, in this house, in this room — and turn over his letters and papers to amuse themselves; Mlle. Bourrienne would do the honors, and in their charity they would give me a corner to shelter in! . . . The soldiers would tear open my father's newly-made grave to steal his crosses and orders! . . . I should hear them boasting of their victories over the Russians, and expressing their false sympathy with my sorrows!" She instinctively adopted the feelings and views of her father and brother; for

was she not their representative, and must she not behave as they would have behaved in similar circumstances? And as she sat trying to form a clear idea of the situation, the exigencies of life—the need, nay the desire to live, which she had believed that her father's death had crushed out of her forever, suddenly rushed back upon her with renewed force.

Greatly disturbed and excited, she catechised old Tikhone and the architect, but neither of them could tell her whether Mlle. Bourrienne had spoken the truth as to the vicinity of the French. The architect was half asleep, and would only smile and answer vaguely without committing himself to an opinion—a habit he had acquired during fifteen years of subserviency to the old prince. Tikhone's sad and weary face wore a stricken look of grief, but he answered all the princess's questions with dull submission; the sight of her seemed to increase his sorrow. At last Drone came into the room, bowed to the ground and stood in the doorway.

“Dronouchka,” she said, addressing him as an old and faithful friend—for was he not the good Dronouchka who, when she was a child, had never failed to bring her home gingerbread whenever he came from the fair at Viazma, and to give it her with a smile.—“Dronouchka, to-day, after the misfortune. . . .” tears choked her utterance.

“We are all under the right arm of God!” said Drone with a sigh.

“Dronouchka,” she began again with an effort,

"Alpatitch is away; I have no one to turn to — tell me, is it true, as I hear, that we cannot get away."

"Why not, Princess — you can always get away."

"I am assured that it would be dangerous to attempt it, on account of the enemy; and I, my good friend, know nothing; I do not understand—I am quite alone . . . But I feel I must go as soon as possible; to-night, or by daybreak to-morrow."

Drone did not at once reply, but stole a glance at her. Then he said:

"There are no horses; I told Jakow Alpatitch so just now."

"Why not?"

"It is the hand of God, to punish us. Some have been taken by the troops, some are dead — it has been a bad year. And the horses would not so much matter if we do not die of hunger ourselves. — For three days sometimes there is nothing to eat. — We are ruined, all ruined."

"The peasants are ruined? Have they no more corn?" asked Princess Marie in astonishment.

"There is nothing for it but to die of hunger," Drone repeated. "As to carts, there are none."

"Why was I not told, Dronouchka? Can we not help them? I will do all I can. . . ."

It seemed so strange to her that at a time when her heart was tender and overflowing with grief, the rich and the poor should be dwelling side by side and the rich doing nothing to succor the poor. She had a general idea that there was always a reserve of corn

and that this reserve was distributed on occasion to the serfs; she knew, too, that neither her father nor her brother would have refused to give it to their serfs in need, and she was ready to take the responsibility on herself:

"We have corn belonging to the master, to my brother, have we not?" she went on, anxious to know how matters really stood.

"The master's corn has not been touched!" said Drone proudly. "The prince said it was not to be sold."

"Then give the serfs what they need. I authorize you to do so in my brother's name." Drone only sighed. "Give it all away if necessary; and tell them, in my brother's name, that all we have is theirs too."

Drone gazed at her in silence.

"For God's sake, little mother," he cried at last, "deprive me of my place. Tell me to give up the keys; I have done my duty honestly for twenty-three years! Take back the keys, I entreat you!"

Princess Marie, startled and not understanding the cause of his request, assured him that she had never doubted his fidelity and would do everything in her power for him, and for the peasants and then she dismissed him.

An hour later Douniacha came to tell her mistress that Drone had returned to say that he had assembled the serfs by the princess's orders, and that they were waiting till she came.

"But I never sent for them!" said Princess Marie

quite amazed. "I merely desired Drone to distribute some corn."

"Then, Princess, our mother, send them away without going out to them," said Douniacha. "They are deceiving you, and that is the whole matter. When Jakow Alpatitch comes back we shall get away quite quietly; but for God's sake do not go out and show yourself."

"They are deceiving me, do you say?"

"I am sure of it. Ask old nurse, she will tell you the same thing: they do not want to leave Bogoutcharovo; that is their notion."

"No, no, you are mistaken, you have misunderstood. — Fetch in Drone."

Drone said, as Douniacha had said, that he had assembled the peasants by the princess's orders.

"But, Drone, I never gave such an order; I desired you to distribute corn and nothing more."

Drone sighed: "They will go away again if you wish it," he said hesitatingly.

"No, no. I will go out and explain matters myself. — " And Princess Marie went down the steps, in spite of the entreaties of Douniacha and the old nurse, who followed a little way behind her with the architect:

"They fancy, I daresay, that I am giving them the corn to bribe them to remain here, while I go off and leave them to the tender mercies of the French," said she to herself as she walked on. "But I will tell them, on the contrary, that they will find houses and pro-

visions, too, on the Moscow estate André, I am sure, would have done even more in my place."

There was a stir in the assembled crowd as she appeared on the scene, and they instinctively took off their hats. It was quite dusk; Princess Marie walked on, looking at the ground; the heavy folds of her black dress encumbered her steps; she stopped in front of the mixed mass of faces old and young; their number intimidated her, and prevented her recognizing them. She did not know what she had meant to say. Finally, controlling her hesitancy with an effort, her sense of duty gave her presence of mind.

"I am glad to see you all here," she began, without looking up, and her heart beat painfully. "Dronouchka tells me that the war has ruined you; we have all fared alike. You may rely on my doing all that lies in my power to help and relieve you. I must go, for the enemy is coming nearer . . . and besides — but in short, my friends, I give you everything. Take our corn. I only care that you should not want! If any one tells you that I gave it you as a bribe to stay here, it is false. On the contrary, I implore you to leave, carry off all that you have, and go to our estate near Moscow. There, I promise you, you shall want for nothing — you shall find food and lodging."

She paused and sighs rose here and there from the crowd.

"I am acting on behalf of my dead father. He was a good master you know," she added, "and of his son — my brother."

She paused again; no one spoke.

"The same misfortune has fallen on us all, so let us share all that is left to us. What is mine is yours," she ended, and she looked in their faces. Their eyes were fixed on her and every face wore the same expression — an expression which she could not read. Was it curiosity, devotion, gratitude, fear? Impossible to discover.

"We are grateful to you for your kindness," said a voice at last. "But we will not have his Highness's corn."

"Why not?" said Princess Marie. No reply. She noticed that their eyes fell before hers, and repeated: "Why do you refuse it?" Still silence. She felt that she was getting agitated; but turning to an old man resting on his staff, she addressed herself directly to him: "Why didn't you answer? Is there anything else I can do for you?" The old man looked away and bending as low as he could he muttered: "Why should we take it? We do not want corn? You want us to sacrifice and leave everything, and we do not choose to do so."

"Go — go by yourself!" said several voices, and the same expression sat on their faces: it was neither curiosity nor gratitude, that was quite clear, but an angry and obstinate determination.

"You have not understood my meaning," said Princess Marie with a melancholy smile. "Why do you object to go when I promise you that you shall be

lodged and fed? — If you stay here the enemy will ruin you."

But the cries and murmurs of the crowd drowned her voice.

"We will not stir. — Let them ruin us. — We do not want your corn, we refuse to take it!"

Princess Marie tried vainly to make herself heard; this inconceivable obstinacy surprised and frightened her; she bowed her head and slowly bent her steps towards the house.

"She thought she could take us in, did she? — She is a sly one, she is! — Why should she want us to abandon the village? — Let her keep her corn, we don't want it!" cried one and another, while Drone, who had followed his mistress, was taking her orders. She was more than ever determined to quit the place, and repeated her commands that horses should be found; then she withdrew to her own room again where she lost herself once more in painful reflections.

She sat for a long time that night with her elbows on the window-sill. A confusion of voices came up from the insurgent village; but she had ceased to think about the serfs, and did not care to guess at the meaning of their strange conduct. The anxieties of the present drove out the bitter regrets that had been haunting her; and the overwhelming sense of her sorrow and of the loneliness which forced her to act for herself almost kept her from remembering, weeping, or praying. The breeze had died away after sunset, and night spread still and restful over the face of nature.

The hubbub of voices gradually died away; then the cock crew as the full moon slowly rose above the lime-trees in the garden. Mists of dew shrouded the more distant objects and peace reigned in the village and in the house.

Princess Marie sat there dreaming: of the past — so lately past, of her father's illness and last moments — still keeping far from her the scene of his death which she felt she had not the courage to face in all its details at this silent and mysterious hour. She remembered the night just before his attack; that night some presentiment of evil had kept her late by the sick man's bed in spite of his wish. She had not slept, and had gone on tiptoe to listen at the door opening into the greenhouse whither her father's bed had been moved that night. Then she had heard him talking in a feeble voice to Tikhone. She was sure he had wanted some one to talk to: "Why did he not send for me? Why would he never allow me to take Tikhone's place and sit with him? — I ought to have gone in boldly, for I am sure I heard him speak my name twice; he was weary and out of spirits, and Tikhone could not know!" And the poor soul repeated aloud the last few tender words her father had spoken to her on the day of his death, and burst into sobs. This relieved her aching heart. She could see every feature of his face — not as she had seen it ever since her infancy, the face which terrified her, however far off; but that thin face with its piteous, submissive look over which she had bent to hear what he was murmuring, close

enough, for the first time, to count the deep lines in it.

“What could he mean when he called me ‘his little darling?’ What is he thinking of now?” she wondered. A sudden craze of terror came over her as when her lips had touched his cheek, cold in death. She fancied she saw him as she had seen him last, lying in his coffin with his face bound up; and the terror and invincible horror that the picture inspired, made her tremble from head to foot. She tried in vain to shake it off by prayer; with widely-staring eyes fixed on the moon-lighted landscape and the black shadows, she expected to see the hideous vision rise before her. Still she was riveted to the spot by the solemn silence and magic charm of the night; she felt petrified.

“Douniacha,” she murmured. “Douniacha!” she cried hoarsely with a desperate effort. — Then, tearing herself free from the spell, she ran out of the room, meeting the women-servants who came hurrying up at her cry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the 17th (29th) of August, Rostow and Iline, accompanied by Lavrouchka, — who, as we have seen, had been dismissed by Napoleon — mounted to ride out from their bivouac at Jankovo, about 15 versts from Bogoutcharovo, to try some horses Iline had just purchased and find fodder in the neighboring villages. For the last three days the hostile armies had lain about equally distant from Bogoutcharovo; the French and Russian advanced guard might at any moment come into collision there; so Rostow, as a captain careful of his men's wants, was anxious to be the first to lay hands on the victuals that might probably be found there. Rostow and Iline, both in capital spirits, also looked forward to having some fun with the pretty servant-girls who would very likely have remained behind at the prince's chateau.

As they went they catechised Lavrouchka concerning Napoleon, laughing heartily at his story, or they ran races to test the quality of their newly-acquired steeds. Rostow had no suspicion that the village through which they were riding belonged to the man who had been so near marrying Natacha. He had outridden Iline, who on overtaking Rostow, reproached him for leaving him so far behind.

"Why," cried Layrouchka, "if I had not been afraid of putting you to shame I could have distanced you both, for this Frenchy" — as he called the beast he was riding — "is a real wonder!" They now drew in, and rode at an easy pace up to a barn round which a crowd of peasants had assembled.

Some of the men took their hats off when they saw the officers; others merely stared. Two tall old serfs with wrinkled faces and shabby beards came hiccuping out of the tavern, and staggered towards them singing at the top of their voices.

"These are nice folks!" said Rostow. "Have you any hay?"

"And as like as they can stare?" added Iline.

"A joll-ly, jolly fell-l-low," sang one of the old men with a bland smile.

"And who are you?" asked a peasant in the crowd, addressing Rostow.

"We are French!" said Iline with a laugh. "This is Napoleon himself —" and he pointed to Layrouchka.

"Get along! You are Russians," said the man.

"Are there many of you behind?" asked another.

"Yes — a strong force," said Rostow. "But what are you all doing out here? Is it a holiday?"

"The elders have met to discuss the affairs of the commune," said the serf, and he moved away.

At this instant two women and a man with a white hat came towards them, along the high-road.

"The rose is mine! Beware of touching it!" cried

Iline, seeing one of the girls come boldly towards him : it was Douniacha. "What do you want, pretty one?" he added smiling.

"The princess wishes to know your name and that of your regiment."

"This is Count Rostow, captain of hussars; as for me, I am your obedient humble servant."

"A jolly fel-l-low," the tipsy serf repeated gazing at them with stolid curiosity. Douniacha was followed by Alpatitch, who was standing hat in hand.

"May I trouble your Highness for a moment," he began, putting his hand inside his waistcoat with a polite flourish not unmingled with contempt, perhaps for the officer's extreme youth. "My mistress, the daughter of General Prince Nicolas Bolkonsky, lately deceased, is in a very critical position—and it is all owing to the brutality of these ruffians," he added, referring to the mob that had gathered round them. "She begs you will go to speak with her—it is only a few steps further on, and will be pleasanter I think. . . ." And he pointed to the two drunkards who were spinning round like gadflies about the horses.

"Ah! Jakow Alpatitch! It is you yourself.—You must excuse us, you must excuse us," they said, still smiling idiotically. Rostow could not help looking at them and smiling as they did.

"Unless, to be sure, they amuse your Excellency!" observed Alpatitch loftily.

"No, there is nothing amusing in such a sight,"

said Rostow moving on. "What is the matter here?"

"I have the honor of explaining to your Excellency that these low creatures will not allow their mistress to quit the property, and are threatening to take her horses out of the shafts. — Everything has been packed since the morning, and the princess cannot start."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Rostow.

"It is the exact truth, Excellency."

Rostow dismounted and gave his horse in charge to his orderly; then, questioning the steward as he went, he made his way to the house. Princess Marie's offer of corn on the previous evening, and her discussion with Drone, had made matters so much worse that Drone had definitively gone over to the serfs, had given up his keys to the steward, and refused to obey his summons. When the princess had given orders that the horses should be put to, the peasants came up in a mob and declared that they would take them out again and keep her there, "for every one," they said, "was forbidden to desert his home." Alpatitch had tried in vain to make them hear reason. Drone had kept out of sight, but Karp had repeated that they would oppose Princess Marie's departure since it was contrary to orders; but that if she remained they would serve and obey her as they had always done.

Princess Marie, however, had made up her mind to go, in spite of the arguments of Alpatitch, of the nurse and the other women; the horses were actually being

harnessed when the sight of Rostow and Iline, cantering along the high-road, turned all their heads; the stable-men, taking them for the French, fled as fast as their legs would carry them, and the house rang with lamentations. So Rostow was hailed as a deliverer.

He went into the drawing-room where Princess Marie, scared and terrified, was awaiting her doom. She had lost the power to think even, and at first could scarcely understand who he was, and why he had come. But his appearance and manner, and the first words he spoke, sufficed to reassure her and show her that he was her fellow-countryman and a man of her own rank in life. She gazed at him with her large pathetic eyes and addressed him in a husky and trembling voice.

“What strange freak of fate,” thought Rostow to himself, “has thrown me in the way of this poor soul, crushed with grief and left unprotected, at the mercy of a mob of coarse insurgent serfs? . . .” He could not help coloring the picture with a hue of romance, and he looked at her with much interest while she told her story. “What sweetness and dignity in her expression and features!”

When she told him of the scene that had taken place on the day after her father’s funeral her feelings were too much for her; she turned away as if she feared he might think she was trying to excite his pity beyond reason. But when she saw tears sparkling in his eyes, too, she thanked him with a grateful look — one of those full, deep looks which redeemed her ugliness.

“I cannot tell you, Princess, how sincerely glad I

am of the chance that has brought me here and which allows me to put myself entirely at your service. You can start at once — I give you my word of honor no one shall dare hinder you. I only ask your permission to serve as your escort. . . .” He bowed as low as if she had been a princess of the blood, and led the way to the door.

His respectful politeness seemed to imply that he would gladly have made further acquaintance with her, but that delicacy forbade his taking advantage of her difficult position and her sorrow to prolong the interview. Princess Marie herself understood it so.

“I am most grateful to you,” she said in French. “I still hope that I have been the victim of no more than a misunderstanding; and above all I hope you will find no one actually guilty.” She broke down into tears. — “Pray forgive me,” she added quickly.

Rostow himself had to hide his emotion, and after bowing once more he went out.

“Well, is she pretty? Mine, the Rose, is delicious! — Her name is Douniacha,” cried Iline as Rostow returned. But the expression of his face silenced him; his captain and hero was evidently in no mood for jesting for he glanced crossly at the young fellow and hurried off towards the village.

“I will teach them — the ruffians!” muttered Rostow. Alpatitch, striding after him, had great difficulty in overtaking him.

“What steps has your Highness condescended to take?” asked the steward humbly.

“What steps, Idiot!” said the hussar shaking his fist at him. “What have you done, I should like to know? The serfs are in revolt and you stand looking at them; you cannot even make them obey you. You are a rascal! — I know all the sort of you, and I will have you all flayed alive!”

And then he went on again at top speed, as if he were afraid of venting all the rage that seethed in his heart. Alpatitch, swallowing down his sense of undeserved obloquy, kept up with him as best he could, and as they went delivered himself of sundry reflections as to the insurgent serfs. He tried to make Rostow understand that, owing to their stiff-necked obstinacy, it would be both dangerous and useless to try to coerce them without the support of an armed force, and therefore it would be better to get that first.

“I will show them what an armed force means. They shall see, they shall see!” Nicolas repeated, not thinking of what he was saying. Full of his violent and impetuous indignation he marched resolutely up to the crowd still standing round the barn. Though Rostow had no fixed plan of action Alpatitch foresaw a happy result from this daring proceeding. His firm, cold manner, added to the set wrath of his face, showed the peasants that their hour of reckoning had come. Even during Rostow’s absence and interview with Princess Marie a certain lack of cohesion had become perceptible; several who were beginning to feel uneasy had remarked that the officers were really and truly Russians, and would certainly be angry at their having delayed

the young mistress. Drone, who was of this opinion, did not hesitate to express it loudly, but Karp and his party took him to task.

"And how many years have you been feathering your nest out of the village pickings?" cried Karp. "You are a good one to talk. — You have buried a pot of money somewhere, and you will just dig it up and be off. What do you care if our houses are pillaged?"

"We know that the order was given," said another. "We were not to desert the villages, or carry anything away, not even a grain of wheat; and she wants to be off!"

"Your booby of a boy ought to have been taken for a soldier, but you did not like it, and it was my Vania that they caught and shaved," said a little old man furiously.

"There is nothing left for us but to die. — Yes, to die! . . ."

"I have not yet been discharged from my duties," said Drone.

"Exactly so, of course not; you are not turned off yet — but then you have filled your pockets!"

When Karp saw Rostow coming, followed by Iline, Lavrouchka, and Alpatitch, he went to meet him with his fingers stuck into his belt and a smile on his lips. Drone, on the contrary, sneaked behind the others, and the crowd closed up again.

"Hi! you fellows, which of you is the *starosta*?" asked Rostow, walking straight up to them.

"The *starosta*? What do you want with him?" asked Karp. He had not time to finish his sentence when his cap flew into the air and he was half stunned by the blow that had hit it off.

"Hats off—rebels!" cried Rostow in a voice of thunder. "Where is the *starosta*?" he repeated.

"The *starosta*—he wants the *starosta*.—Drone Zakharovitch, you are wanted," said one and another in subdued tones, while one by one the caps were removed.

"We are not rebels; we are only obeying orders," Karp went on, feeling himself still supported by a few of the men.

"We have to obey the council of elders. . . ."

"How dare you answer me, villains!" cried Rostow, taking Karp, who was a big man, by the collar. "Here, hold him fast!"

Lavrouchka rushed forward and gripped his hands. "We must have up our men from the bottom of the hill, to help us," said he.

"Quite unnecessary," said Alpatitch. He turned to the serfs and desired two of them, by name, to give their waistbands to tie Karp's hands; the men obeyed in silence.

"Where is the *starosta*?" repeated Rostow. Drone, pale and scowling, at last made up his mind to come forward.

"It is you, is it?—Here Lavrouchka, this one too," said Rostow decidedly, as if there could be no demur to his order. And in point of fact two other men at

once came forward, and Drone himself untied his belt to tie his own hands.

"As to the rest of you," Rostow went on: "Listen to me, all of you. Go home this instant, and do not let me hear another word."

"We have done no harm, we have only made fools of ourselves, that is all."

"Well, I told you so,—it was against orders," murmured several of the serfs at once, reproaching each other.

"I gave you due warning," said Alpatitch, who felt himself master of the situation once more. "It was very wrong, very wrong of you, my children!"

"Yes, Jakow Alpatitch, we have made fools of ourselves," they said, and the crowd quietly dispersed. They all went home, while the prisoners were taken up to the court-yard of the house; the two drunkards followed them.

"That is the style for you!" said one of them to Karp. "Now I can have a good look at you. — Did you ever hear any one speak so to his betters? What on earth were you thinking of?"

"You are a fool, that is the long and the short of it, a downright fool!" said the second with a sneer.

In the course of a couple of hours horses were found for the baggage-wagons and the serfs were carrying and packing the various goods, superintended by Drone, who had been released by his mistress's request.

"Take care of that!" said a peasant-lad, tall and

pleasant-looking, to a companion who had just taken a dressing-case from one of the maids. "It cost a lot of money — don't go pitching it into a corner, or tying it any how ; it might be scratched. Everything must be done thoroughly and well . . . there, like that ! Covered with hay and matting it will be quite safe."

"Oh, the books, the books ! what a load of books !" said another, bending under the weight of the cases out of the library "Don't push ! — Mercy what a weight ! What beautiful books to be sure, and what big ones !"

"The man who wrote those did not stop to play !" added the boy, pointing to some dictionaries lying one upon another.

Rostow, not wishing to intrude on Princess Marie did not go into the house again, but waited to see her as she passed through the village. When the carriages started he mounted, and rode the fifteen versts as far as Jankovo where the troops were encamped. When they stopped to change horses, he respectfully took leave of her and kissed her hand.

"You overwhelm me," he said in reply to her effusive gratitude. "Any inspector of police would have done as much. If we had only had peasants to deal with the enemy would not have got so far into Russia," he added awkwardly ; and then, to change the subject he went on : "I am only too happy to have

had an opportunity of making your acquaintance. Adieu, Princess. Allow me to wish you all possible happiness, and to hope that we may meet again under more favorable circumstances."

Princess Marie's face brightened; she was deeply touched, and she felt that he deserved her best thanks, for, without him, what would have become of her? Must she not inevitably have been a victim to the insurgent mob, or have fallen into the hands of the French? Had he not exposed himself to the greatest dangers to protect her, and had not his kind and noble soul felt for her sorrow and her painful situation? — His honest, friendly eyes had filled with tears when she had spoken to him, and that memory was stamped on her heart. As she bid him good-bye she was so strangely moved that she asked herself whether she were not in love with him already. No doubt she felt some shame in confessing to herself that she had been suddenly captivated by a man who probably would never love her; but she comforted herself with the reflection that no one would ever know it, and that there could be no sin in cherishing secretly, and all her life through, this first and last love. "It was decreed that he should come to Bogoutcharovo to help me, and that his sister should refuse to marry my brother," said she to herself; and she saw the hand of God in this concatenation of events, and nursed a silent hope that the happiness of which she had thus caught a glimpse, might some day be a reality.

She, on her part, had made a pleasing impression on

Nicolas, and when his comrades, who had heard of his adventure, laughed at him and teased him by congratulating him on having gone to look for hay and found one of the richest heiresses in Russia, he got seriously angry; at the bottom of his heart he confessed to himself that no better luck could befall him than to marry this gentle princess. Would not such a match be a joy to his parents and make the clinging creature who regarded him as her deliverer, perfectly happy? — For of that he felt instinctively certain. — On the other hand would not her splendid fortune enable him to repair his father's? . . . But then what of Sonia, and the pledge he had given her? — This it was that worried him and made him irritable, when he was laughed at about his excursion to Bogoutcharovo.

CHAPTER XIX.

KOUTOUZOW, having accepted the post of commander-in-chief, remembered Prince André Bolkonsky and sent for him to appear at headquarters. He arrived at Czarevo-Saïmichetché on the day when Koutouzow was holding his first general review. He dismounted in the village and sat down on a bench outside the priest's house to wait for "his Highness" as the general was now commonly called. From the open country outside the village military bugle calls rang out, almost drowned in the cheers and acclamations that hailed the new commander. About ten yards away from Prince André two of Koutouzow's servants — one his courier and the other his house-steward — were taking advantage of the fine day and their master's absence to enjoy an airing.

At this moment a lieutenant-colonel of hussars rode up: a little dark-complexioned man, with an enormous moustache and thick whiskers; seeing Prince André he stopped and asked him if this were his Highness's headquarters and whether he would pass soon.

André said that he was not on the commander-in-chief's staff and that he himself had but just arrived. The hussar then turned to one of the servants, who an-

swered with the lofty contempt which the retainers of the commander-in-chief commonly affect in addressing an officer of lower rank.

“Who? — His Highness? He will be here by-and-bye. What is your business?”

The lieutenant-colonel smiled under his moustache at the man’s impertinent tone; then, throwing his bridle to his orderly, he dismounted, went up to André and saluted him. Bolkonsky returned the salute and made room for him on the bench.

“You are waiting for him, too, then?” said the newcomer. “They say he is very accessible which is a good thing!” he went on, and he spoke with a strong burr. “If we still had those sausage-eaters to rule over us there would be no end to the muddle; it was not for nothing that Yermolow asked to be ranked as a German. Let us hope that the Russians will have a word in the matter now. The devil alone knows what they were at with all this retreating . . . Have you gone through the campaign?”

“Not only have I gone through it,” replied Prince André, “but it has cost me all I held dear: My father, who is just dead broken-hearted, not to mention my house and property. — I belong to the government of Smolensk . . .”

“You are Prince Bolkonsky, perhaps? — I am delighted to make your acquaintance. I am lieutenant-colonel Denissow, better known as Vaska Denissow,” said the hussar, shaking Bolkonsky warmly by the hand and looking at him with sympathetic interest.

“Yes, I heard all about it,” he added after a short pause. “It may be all right, but it is hard on those who pay the piper. — So you are Prince Bolkonsky? I am so very glad to make your acquaintance,” and he shook his head with a half-melancholy smile and again pressed his hand.

Prince André knew of Denissow through Natacha. This reminiscence, reviving in his mind the painful thoughts which during the last few months had begun to fade away, was at once painful and pleasurable. He had gone through so much since — the evacuation of Smolensk, his short visit to Lissy-Gory, and the news of his father’s death — that those past griefs did not so often recur to his memory, and had lost their keenest edge of pain. To Denissow, too, the name of Bolkonsky brought back a remote and romantic past: — the evening when, after supper, Natacha had sung, and he had declared his passion, he hardly knew how, to the girl of fifteen. He smiled as he remembered that romance and his love; but at once reverted to the one subject which at the present time interested and absorbed all his thoughts: a scheme for the campaign, which he had elaborated during the retreat, being on service in the outposts. He had laid it before Barclay de Tolly and now hoped to introduce it to Koutouzow’s attention. His plan was based on an opinion that, as the French lines covered a wide extent of ground, the first object must be to attack them in front so as to check their advance, and at the same time break through them so as to intercept their communications.

"They cannot keep up such a wide range of operations," he said. "It is out of the question. Give me 500 men and I will cut my way through them — on my word of honor. There is but one way of settling them and that is by guerilla warfare."

Denissow had risen to give emphasis to his discourse in his usual excitable manner when he was interrupted by the shouts and cheers that came, louder than ever, from the parade-ground, mingling with martial music and singing, and coming nearer and nearer. At the same moment the trampling of horses was heard at the end of the village street.

"Here he comes!" cried a Cossack on guard at the door of the house.

Bolkonsky and Denissow rose and went towards a company of soldiers which formed Koutouzow's guard of honor, and they saw, at the further end of the street, the commander-in-chief riding a small bay horse and followed by a numerous staff of general officers. Barclay de Tolly, also on horseback, rode by his side, and a crowd of officers were prancing and shouting round them. Then Koutouzow's aides-de-camp hurried forward to precede him into the court-yard of the house. The commander-in-chief was impatiently driving his heels into the flanks of his weary steed which had fallen into an amble under the weight he carried; and his rider saluted right and left, raising his hand to his white military cap, which was bound with red and without any peak.

He drew rein in front of the guard of honor, a com-

pany of picked grenadiers, most of them wearing stripes and medals, who presented arms; for a moment he said nothing but looked at them keenly. Then a sardonic smile curled his lips, he shrugged his shoulders and turned to the officers who stood near him.

"To think," he murmured with a gesture of surprise, "to think that with men like those we have retired before the enemy! — Good-morning, gentlemen!" and he went in through the gate-way, passing close to Prince André and Denissow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted those left outside.

Koutouzow had grown very much stouter and heavier since Prince André had last seen him; but his blank eye, his deep scar, and his bored expression had not altered. A whip hung from a narrow strap across one shoulder over his military cloak. He gave a deep sigh of relief as he rode into the court-yard, like a man glad to rest after having made an exhibition of himself. He took his left foot out of the stirrup, leaning back heavily, frowned as with difficulty he got it up on to the saddle, bent his knee and let himself slip with a low groan into the arms of the Cossacks and aides-de-camp who waited to support him.

When he had landed on his feet he glanced about him with his half-shut eye, and perceived Prince André, whom he did not at once recognize; then he walked forward, a little unsteadily. As he reached the bottom of the steps he again looked hard at Prince André and, as often happens with old men, took a few seconds to put a name to the face which had at once struck him.

“Ah! Good-day, Prince; how do you do, my good friend. — Come in, come this way,” he said, as he slowly toiled up the wooden steps that cracked under his weight. Then he unbuttoned his uniform and sat down on a bench, saying: “And your father?”

“I had news of his death only yesterday,” said Bol-konsky.

Koutouzow glanced up with a look of startled alarm, took off his cap and crossed himself.

“Peace be with him! God’s will be done to us all!” he said, and he sighed deeply. “I loved and esteemed him,” he added after a short silence, “I feel with you sincerely in your sorrow.”

He put his arms round Prince André and held him tightly clasped to his broad bosom. André could see the old man’s lips quivering, tears stood in his eyes.

“Come in, come to my room and we will talk,” said Koutouzow. He was trying to rise, propping himself up with his hands on the bench, when Denissow boldly went up the steps, in spite of the comments of the aides-de-camp, and straight to the commander-in-chief. Koutouzow, still leaning on his hands, watched him with some annoyance. Denissow mentioned his name and explained that he had a matter of great importance to the welfare of the country to lay before his Highness. Koutouzow folded his hands over his stomach with a particularly cross expression and said indifferently: “The welfare of the country? What in the world can it be? Go on.”

Denissow colored like a girl — the blush looked

strange under his thick moustache and bibulous complexion. However, he went on without wincing, and explained his scheme, whose main feature was to cut through the enemy's lines between Smolensk and Viazma; he knew every inch of the ground, for he had lived there. The fervor and conviction he threw into his statement gave prominence to the merits of his plan.

Koutouzow sat looking at the ground, glancing uneasily now and then at the adjoining cottage, as if he were expecting something unpleasant to appear from thence. And presently a general came out with a large portfolio under his arm.

"What is it?" Koutouzow asked in the very middle of Denissow's arguments. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, Highness," replied the general.

Koutouzow shook his head sadly, as much as to say that one man really could not do everything, and went on listening to the hussar.

"I give you my word of honor as an officer," said Denissow, "that I will break through Napoleon's lines."

Koutouzow interrupted him: "Is not Kirylle Andréievitch of the commissariat, a relation of yours?"

"He is my uncle," said Denissow.

"Ah! we were very good friends," said Koutouzow gaily. "Very good, stay here on my staff. . . . We will talk all this over again to-morrow." He dismissed him with a nod and held out his hand for the papers brought to him by Konovnitzine.

"Would not your Highness be more comfortable in a room?" said the general in waiting. "There are plans to be looked at and papers to be signed." And another aide-de-camp came to the house door, and said that the commander-in-chief's rooms were quite ready. But Koutouzow frowned; he did not intend to go indoors till his work was done.

"No," he said. "Bring out a little table, — and you stay here," he added to Bolkonsky.

While the general on duty was making his report the rustling of a silk dress was heard through the half-open door of the house. Prince André looked round and caught sight of a pretty young woman, in a pink gown with a lilac kerchief on her head; she had a tray in her hand. The aide-de-camp whispered to Prince André that this was the mistress of the house, the priest's wife; that her husband had already greeted his Highness, receiving him with the cross in his hand; that she now wished to bid him welcome by offering him bread and salt.

"And she is very pretty," added the officer with a smile.

Koutouzow heard the last words and turned round. The general's report consisted mainly of severe strictures on the position taken up by the Russian army at Czarevo-Saïmichtché, and Koutouzow let him read on, with the same absence of mind as he had bestowed on Denissow, and, seven years since, on the discussion of the council of war the night before Austerlitz. He only heard because he had ears, and so could not

help it, in spite of a scrap of tarred rope which he kept stuffed into one of them.* It was easy to see that nothing could surprise or interest him, and that he merely submitted to listen to the end as he might have sat through a thanksgiving *Te Deum*. What Denissov had said was sensible and wise; what the general was saying was sensible and wise; but Koutouzow scorned sense and wisdom: they could not in his opinion solve the difficulty; what would finally cut the knot was, he believed, something quite apart and different from those two qualities.

Prince André watched his face with interest, as it expressed first utter boredom, then curiosity as he heard the rustling of a petticoat, and finally a submissive readiness to do what was expected of him. It was very obvious that though he seemed to condemn Denissov's intelligent loyalty to his country, it was only because he was old and had seen too much of life.

He would only pronounce himself on one single point: when the general on duty presented for his signature an order desiring the colonels of regiments to indemnify the inhabitants for the havoc committed by the soldiers — an order that had been drawn up in consequence of the complaints of a farmer whose green oats had been cut — Koutouzow pinched his lips and shook his head.

“Put it in the fire,” he said. “Once for all, my

* A popular remedy in Russia against toothache.

dear fellow, pitch all such rhodomontade into the fire. The corn must be cut and the wood must be burnt just as it is wanted. I do not order it, nor even authorize it, but it is out of my power to prevent it or to pay for it If you chop wood the chips must fly. They must take life as it comes!"

He glanced through the report once more.

"Oh!" he sighed, "that German preciseness!"

"Is that all?" he said when he had signed the last paper, and rising with difficulty, drawing up his thick wrinkled neck, he went to the house door. The priest's wife, crimson with shyness, snatched up the tray with the bread and salt, and went up to Koutouzow with a low courtesy. Koutouzow winked his eyes, and chucked her chin.

"A very pretty woman!" said he. "Thank you, my dear, thank you."

He took out a few gold pieces and laid them on the tray. "Are you comfortable here?" he asked her as he went into the room that had been made ready for him, and the mistress of the house followed him smiling.

The aide-de-camp invited Prince André to breakfast with him; half an hour later Koutouzow sent for him. Bolkonsky found him lounging in an easy-chair with his coat unbuttoned, reading a French novel "*Les Chevaliers du Cygne*," by Mme. de Genlis.

"Sit down," said Koutouzow marking his place with a paper-knife and laying his book aside. "It is very sad, very sad indeed; but remember, my boy, I am a second father to you."

Prince André told him what little he knew of his father's last hours, and described the state in which he had found Lissy-Gory.

"What a pass they have brought us to!" exclaimed Koutouzow suddenly with much agitation as he thought of the situation of the country. "But the time is coming!" he added vehemently. Then, not wishing to dwell on so exciting a subject, he added: "I sent for you to keep you here, with me."

"I am sincerely grateful to your Highness," said Prince André. "But I am not fit now for staff-service." Koutouzow, seeing that he smiled as he spoke, looked at him with anxiety. "Besides," continued Bolkonsky, "I am fond of my regiment. The officers are attached to me and I believe my men have a real affection for me, so I should be sorry to part from them. If I decline the honor of remaining near your person, pray believe that. . . ."

A kindly, though slightly sarcastic twinkle, brightened the old man's big face; he interrupted André:

"I am sorry for it, for you would have been of service to me. But you are right; it is not here that men are wanted; if all our advisers, or would-be advisers, would do as you do and serve with their regiments it would be an immense gain. I remember your conduct at Austerlitz, — I can see you now with the flag in your arms!"

A faint flush of pleasure rose to Prince André's face; Koutouzow drew him down to him and embraced him, and again André saw that his eyes were full of tears.

He knew that the old man's tears lay near the surface, and that his father's death naturally prompted him to be particularly friendly and affectionate; at the same time the allusion flattered and gratified him excessively.

"Go your own way, and God be with you! — I know it is the path of honor! — You would have been a valuable aid to me at Bucharest," he presently resumed. "I had no one to send . . . Yes, they abused me handsomely down there, for the war first and then for the peace. And yet each came about in due season, for all things come to those who have patience. — And there, as here, advisers swarmed. Oh! those counselors! — Why, if we had listened to them we should not have made peace with Turkey, and the war would not be at an end now! Kamensky would have been ruined, if he were not dead. — Kamensky, who must go storming fortresses with 30,000 men in the field! To take a fortress is a small matter, but to carry a campaign through successfully is quite another thing. That is not to be done by assaults and attacks only; patience and time are needed. Kamensky sent his soldiers to take Roustchouk while I, with nothing but time and patience, took more strongholds than he did and made the Turks eat horseflesh! . . . Take my word for it," he added slapping his breast and shaking his head, "the French shall have a taste of it, my word for that!"

"But we must give them battle though?" said Prince André.

"Of course we must if everyone insists upon it;

but, mark my words, the two best men are Time and Patience. They will win in the long run; only our advisers do not see that side of the question, that is the worst of it! Some are for one thing and some for another; and what is to be done? What is to be done I say?" he repeated, as if he expected a reply, and his eyes shone with a shrewd deep look. "I will tell you, my dear boy, what is to be done,—and what I am doing: When in doubt, do nothing." And he spoke the words with slow emphasis. "Well, good-bye my friend; remember that I feel for you in your sorrow with all my heart; to you I am not prince, nor the commander-in-chief, but your father! If you ever want anything come to me. Good-bye," and once more he embraced him.

Prince André had not left the room before Koutouzow, worn out with fatigue, sank back in his arm-chair with a sigh, and went quietly on reading *Les Chevaliers du Cygne*.

It was a strange and unaccountable fact that this interview greatly soothed Prince André; he returned to his regiment much easier as to the course of events generally, and entirely trustful in the man who had taken them in hand. There was something inspiring in the old general's complete freedom from self-interest, in his having outlived his passions and gained experience as their outcome; in his intelligence—in the sense of apprehension of facts and co-ordination of inferences—having given way to a philosophical contemplation of events. Bolkonsky left him with a con-

viction that he would be equal to the charge imposed on him : he would invent nothing and make no schemes, but he would listen and remember all he heard ; he would know how to make use of it at the right moment ; he would hinder nothing that might be of use, and permit nothing that might do harm. “ He sees that there is something stronger than his will : the inevitable progress of events ; he watches them, appreciates them at their true value, and can view them from outside, irrespective of his own share in them. He inspires confidence because, in spite of his French novel and his French proverbs, a Russian heart beats under his uniform ; his voice trembled as he exclaimed : ‘ What have they brought us to ? ’ and when he threatened that the French should eat horseflesh.”

It was in fact this patriotic feeling, which every Russian felt in a greater or less degree, which had mainly contributed to Koutouzow’s appointment as commander-in-chief, in spite of a strong cabal against him ; the unanimous voice of the nation had clamorously applauded the choice.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER the Czar's departure Moscow fell back into its old routine; old habits again ruled life, and the excitement of those few days seemed no more than a dream. In the collapse which succeeded the tumult of that time no one seemed to believe in the reality of the danger that threatened Russia, or to understand that, of all her children, the members of the English club at Moscow had been the first to declare themselves prepared for any sacrifice. However, one evidence of the general excitement produced by the Emperor's visit very soon became conspicuous: the actual levying of the men and demand for money, which, coming as they did in a legalized and official form, had to be complied with.

The approach of the enemy did not make the citizens at all more serious; on the contrary, their levity seemed to increase as their position became more critical, as often happens on the eve of a catastrophe. In fact, at such a juncture, two voices are to be heard; one wisely preaches the necessity for estimating fairly the impending danger, and the means at hand for resisting it; the other, even more wisely, argues that the thought is too painful, since it is not given to man to escape the inevitable, and that it is better therefore to

forget the danger and live merrily till it comes. Solitary men listen to the first, while the masses obey the second; and the citizens of Moscow were an instance in point, for Moscow had never been so gay as it was that year.

Rostoptchine's proclamations were read and discussed just as Pouschkine's couplets were. The heading of these broadsheets represented a tavern kept by a certain barber, by name Karpouschka Tchiguirine, an old soldier and a citizen of the town, who, it was said, when he heard that Napoleon was marching on Moscow, had planted himself wrathfully in the doorway of his shop, and made a speech to the crowd, full of abuse of the French. In this harangue, which was admired by some and criticised by others at the English club, he declared, among other things, that the cabbages on which the French would have to live would blow them out like balloons, that they would burst on porridge and choke on broth; that they were all dwarfs, and that a woman with a pitchfork could toss three of them in the air at once.

At the club it was reported, too, that Rostoptchine had driven all foreigners out of Moscow on the pretext that there were among them spies and agents of Napoleon; a witticism of the governor's, addressed to the outcasts, was in everybody's mouth: "Meditate well, get into the boat, (or row with the tide) and do not let it be a boat-load for Charon." * It was also

* "Benbrez en vous-mêmes, entrez dans la basque, and n'en faites pas eme barque à Caron."

said that all the courts of justice had been removed outside the city; and this news was capped by Schinchine's last sally, declaring that for this, if for nothing else, the inhabitants owed a debt of gratitude to Count Rostoptchine.

Finally it was rumored that the regiment which Mamonow had undertaken to raise would cost him 800,000 roubles, and that Bésoukhow would spend even more on his, and that what was most of all to his credit in the matter was that he himself was about to don the uniform and lead his men in person, to be admired gratis by all who chose to stare.

"You spare no one!" cried Julie Droubetzkoï to Schinchine, as she gathered up a little heap of lint she had just picked, and squeezed it in her slender fingers blazing with rings. She was giving a farewell soirée for she was to quit Moscow the next day. "Bésoukhow is too laughable," she added in French, "but he is such a good soul, so good-natured! — What pleasure can you find in being so caustic?"

"Fined, fined!" exclaimed a young man in the militia uniform, whom Julie styled her knight, and who was to escort her on the morrow to Nijni — for in her set, as in many others, it had been agreed that French should never be spoken, and every one who broke the pledge was made to pay a fine which was added to the voluntary contributions towards the defences.

"Indeed you must pay double," said a Russian writer, "for you have perpetrated a Gallicism."

"I sinned and I will pay," said Julie, "for using

the French words. As to a gallicism in speaking Russian, I refuse to be answerable. I have neither time nor money to take lessons in my own language, like Prince Galitzine. — Ah! here he comes. Speak of the —— ” she was just going to quote the proverb in French but checked herself with a laugh, and put it into Russian. “You will not catch me again! — We were speaking of you, we were saying that your regiment would be more splendid than Mamonow’s,” she added to Pierre who had just come in, fibbing with the singular facility of a woman of the world.

“For pity’s sake do not mention it in my hearing,” said Pierre. “If you knew how sick I am of it!”

“You will lead it in person of course,” Julie went on, with a malicious glance at the young militia-man. But her “knight” did not respond; Pierre’s presence and his simple kindness were always enough to check the impertinence of which he was the butt.

“Dear me, no!” he exclaimed with a hearty laugh, patting his broad chest. “I should be too good a mark for the French; besides, I doubt whether I could hoist myself on to a horse.”

Presently their gossip, flying from one subject to another, turned on the Rostow family.

“Do you know,” said Julie, “that their affairs are in terrible disorder? The count is an old idiot; the Razoumovskys offered to buy his house and estate near Moscow, and the thing is slipping through his fingers because he asks too much.”

“I fancy that the sale will come off though,” said

some one, "though in these days it is perfect madness to buy houses."

"Why?" asked Julie. "Do you really think that Moscow is in danger?"

"But, if not, why are you going?"

"I? — what a strange question. Well, I am going because every one else is; and I am neither a Joan of Arc nor an Amazon."

"If Count Rostow knows how to economize" the militia-man put in, "he may clear himself yet. He is a thorough good fellow, but a poor manager. — What keeps them here so long? I thought they were gone into the country?"

"Natalie is quite well again, is not she?" asked Julie, with a spiteful smile, of Pierre.

"They are waiting for their youngest boy who entered the service as a Cossack and was sent to Biélaïa-Tserkow. He is to join my regiment now. The count would have gone notwithstanding, but the countess would not stir till she had seen her son again."

"I met them three days ago, at the Argharows. Natalie is handsomer than ever and in capital spirits. — She sang a song. — How soon some people can forget!"

"Forget what?" said Pierre much annoyed. Julie smiled.

"But do you know, Count, that such knights as you are only to be met with in the novels of Mme. de Souza?"

"What knights? — I do not understand," said Pierre coloring.

"Oh fie! Count, do not say that. Why, all Moscow knows the story; I honestly admire you!" she added again in French.

"Fined, fined!" cried the militia-man.

"What next!" cried Julie out of patience. "It is impossible to talk at all nowadays. — But you know, Count, you know"

"I know nothing," said Pierre more and more provoked.

"Well, I know that you are Natacha's sworn ally, while I have always liked Vera best. — Dear Vera!"

"No, Madame," said Pierre in the same tone, "I have not assumed the part of champion of Countess Natalie; I have not seen the Rostows for a month past."

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," * retorted Julie, with a meaning smile, as she turned the lint in her fingers; but then she changed the subject so as to have the last word: "Whom do you think I met yesterday evening? Poor Marie Bolkonsky. She has lost her father, did you know?"

"No, indeed. Where is she living? I should like to see her."

"All I know is that she is to start to-morrow for their place beyond Moscow and is taking her nephew with her."

"And how is she?"

* Those who excuse themselves, accuse themselves.

"Very sad and broken. But to whom do you think she owes her rescue? It is a perfect romance! Nicolas Rostow. — She was surrounded and would have been killed, for her servants were already wounded, when he rushed into the fray and got her out of the scrape!"

"Quite a romance, indeed," said the militia-man. "One might almost fancy that this general stampede had been got up expressly to marry off our old maids! First Catiche, and then Princess Marie."

"Of one thing I am convinced," said Julie, "and that is that she really is a little in love with the young man."

"A fine, a fine! Pay at once!" cried the militia-man once more.

"But how on earth was I to say that in Russian? Tell me that."

On going home that evening Pierre found on his table Rostoptchine's two last circular notices. In one he denied ever having forbidden the inhabitants to leave the town, as he was reported to have done; it is true, he advised the ladies of rank and the merchants' wives to remain, for, he said, "the panic is caused by false intelligence, and I stake my life on it that the wretch will never enter Moscow!" This proclamation was the first thing that had brought Pierre to the conviction that the French would certainly enter Moscow.

The second stated that the Russian headquarters were fixed at Viazma, that Count Wittgenstein had beaten the enemy, and that those who were willing to

bear arms would find a large selection of muskets and swords at the arsenal, for sale at low prices. — This proclamation was quite free from the tone of braggart irony which stamped the speeches attributed to Tchi-guirine the barber-orator. Pierre told himself plainly that the storm, which he for his part fervently hoped for, was coming on with giant strides: — “What ought I to do?” he asked himself for the hundredth time. “Enter the service and join the army, or wait and watch where I am?” He took up a pack of cards that was lying on the table. “I will play a game of patience; if it works out right that will mean What shall it mean?” he shuffled the cards, looking at the ceiling for a reply.

He had not had time to make up his mind when he heard the eldest of the three princesses — the two others had married and left — just outside the door.

“Come in, Cousin, come in,” he called out to her. “If the patience comes right I will join the army,” he said to himself.

“A thousand apologies for disturbing you at this hour,” said the lady; “but we must make up our minds to something. Everybody is leaving Moscow, the mob is rising, and something fearful is in the wind Why do we stay here?”

“But, on the contrary, everything seems to me to be going on swimmingly,” said Pierre in the light tone he always adopted with her, to escape the uncomfortable sense of being her benefactor.

“Swimmingly? What makes you think that pray?”

Only this morning Barbara Ivanovna was telling me how our troops had distinguished themselves, it does them the greatest honor; but here, on the other hand, the people are refractory and will listen to no one — my waiting-maid was most insolent! We shall have to fight before long, and if that once begins we shall not be able to get away, and then — and what is more serious still is that the French are certainly coming Why should we wait for them? I entreat you, Cousin, give orders that I may be taken at once to St. Petersburg; for I could not bear to stay here and submit to Bonaparte."

"But, my dear cousin, what nonsense! Where did you get your information? — On the contrary"

"I tell you I will not bow to your Bonaparte; others may do as they please, and if you do not choose to take any trouble about me"

"Not at all, not at all! I will make every arrangement for your departure."

The princess, provoked at having no one to quarrel with, sat on the very edge of her chair and muttered something to herself.

"Your intelligence is untrustworthy," Pierre went on, "the city is quiet, and there is no danger. — Read this," and he handed her the circular. "The count says that the French will not enter Moscow; he stakes his life on it."

"Oh, I daresay, your count!" cried the lady in a rage. "He is a hypocrite, a wretch! It is he who is

driving the people to rebellion. Was it not he who, in his senseless proclamations, promised honor and glory to every man who should catch any one, without exception, and put him into prison? Sheer idiocy! And now we see the result of all this talking: Barbara Ivanovna was within an ace of being killed for speaking French in the street!"

"But is there not some exaggeration in all this? You take things too much to heart I think," said Pierre, laying out his cards.

The patience came out right; but Pierre did not join the army. He stayed at Moscow, which was fast being depopulated, awaiting with indecision and a mixed feeling of satisfaction and dread, the tremendous catastrophe that he foresaw. The princess went off on the very next day. His head steward came to explain to him that the money for the equipment of his regiment could only be raised by the sale of one of his estates, and represented that this fancy would lead him on to ruin.

"Sell it," said Pierre with a smile. "I cannot take back my word."

The city was practically deserted. Julie was gone, so was Princess Marie; of all Pierre's intimate acquaintances only the Rostows remained; but he never saw them now. He thought that he would

amuse himself by making an excursion into the environs to the village of Vorontzovo, to inspect an enormous balloon constructed under Leppich's supervision by his Majesty's command, and intended to contribute to the discomfiture of the enemy. Pierre knew that the Czar had particularly recommended the inventor and the invention to Count Rostoptchine, in these terms: "As soon as Leppich is ready send him a company of picked and intelligent men to equip his car, and despatch a special messenger to inform Koutouzow. I have already prepared him. Enjoin Leppich to take particular care as to the spot he descends on the first time, that he may not run into the hands of the enemy. It is indispensable that he should co-operate with the commander-in-chief."

As he was returning from Vorontzovo, Pierre saw a great crowd in the public square where executions took place; he stopped his drosky and got out. A French cook, suspected of being a spy, had just been flogged. The executioner untied the man, a big fellow with red whiskers, in blue stockings and a green coat, who was groaning pitiably. His companion in grief, a pale, lean little man, was awaiting his turn; to judge from their physiognomy they were no doubt Frenchmen. Pierre, horrified, and as pale as they were, forced his way through the throng of market-people, shopkeepers, peasants, women, and officials of every grade—all eagerly watching the entertainment thus offered them. His anxious and repeated questions elicited no answers.

The big man straightened himself with a painful effort, raised his shoulders and tried, but in vain, to be stoical as he pulled his coat on; his lips trembled convulsively, and he broke out into sobs, crying with rage at his own want of pluck, as men of sanguine temperament do cry. The crowd, till now silent, began to hoot, as if to smother its own instinct of compassion.

“Cook to a prince!” said one and another.

“I say, ‘Moussiou,’ Russian sauce is too strong for the French taste, — sets your teeth on edge — heh?” said a chancery clerk, old and wrinkled; and he looked round to see the effect of his pleasantry. Some laughed; some, with their eyes fixed on the executioner, watched him with terror as he stripped the second victim.

Pierre almost bellowed with fury, and knitting his brows he suddenly turned away, muttering unintelligible words. He got into his carriage again, and as he went along could not keep himself from writhing and starting spasmodically, and giving vent to smothered ejaculations.

“Where are you going?” he suddenly exclaimed to his coachman.

“You said to the Governor’s?”

“Idiot, Gaby!” shouted Pierre, “I told you to go home. — I must go, I must be off at once, this very day,” he added between his teeth.

This castigation, administered in the presence of a gaping crowd, had made such an impression on him

that he made up his mind to quit Moscow immediately. As soon as he got home he desired his coachman to send his saddle-horses at once to Mojaïsk, where the army then was; and to give them a start, he postponed his own journey till the morrow.

On the evening of August 24th (September 5th,) he set out from Moscow. When, a few hours later, he stopped to change horses at Perkhoukow he was informed that a great battle had been fought; it was even said that the cannon had made the earth tremble there, at Perkhoukow; but no one could tell him which side had been victorious: it was the battle of Schevardino.

He reached Mojaïsk at daybreak. Every house was filled with troops; in the inn-yard he found his groom and his coachman waiting for him, but no rooms were to be had. They were all taken by officers, and troops were still pouring in. On all sides nothing was to be seen but infantry, Cossacks, horsemen, baggage-wagons, caissons and cannon. Pierre hurried forward; the further he went from Moscow, the more he was lost in this ocean of soldiery, and the more he was conscious of that mixed excitement and self-approval which he had first felt during the Czar's visit to Moscow, when the point under consideration was the sacrifice required. He felt at this moment that all which constitutes habitual happiness: the comforts of life, wealth, — nay and life itself — were of small account in comparison with the vision he had a glimpse of — so vaguely, it is true, that he did not at-

tempt to analyze it. Without asking himself for whom or for what, the mere sense and consciousness of sacrifice filled him with unutterable joy.

END OF PART II.

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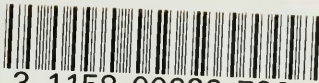
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